McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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THURSDAY AND FRIDAY AT THE FAIR

Complete Success and Great Crowds Were in Attendance.

ATTENDANCE THURSDAY OVER 5,000

The Races and Ball Games Interesting—Amusement Features—Future of McKean County Fair.

Thursday was by far a day at the fair. Ideal weather favored the people early and it was a fact that all roads led to Smethport. Before the arrival of morning trains livery stable proprietors were turning away visiting rigs as their buildings were crowded to the utmost capacity. It was Bradford Day and the throng from the city over the hill commenced to arrive early and by 1:30 p. m. it is estimated there were 1,200 Bradford people in town.

The St. Marys band arrived about 9 o'clock and brought with them many people from that town as well as from [illegible] the fine Mt. Jewett, [illegible] and the special from Port Allegany added nearly one thousand more to the multitude [illegible] Duke, Mt. Jewett, Eldred, Port Allegany and Rixford, all furnishing [illegible] station all furnishing [illegible]

The Allegheny band, an [illegible] organization, accompanied [illegible] station from that town and the [illegible] rendered added greatly to the enjoyment of the day.

The hotels and restaurants were ready for a hungry host but the facilities of a number of places were taxed to the limit when dinner time arrived. The rush for the fair grounds was at its height at noon and busses, carriages, trains, automobiles—in fact every sort of conveyance were hustling people fairward. The ball game was scheduled to call at 12:15 and everyone was in a hurry to get there.

It is estimated that fully five thousand people witnessed the events on Thursday. Aside from the various features on the regular program there were several hundred feet of fun producing contrivances on the Midway and all were well patronized. The Ferris wheels were crowded and each show, game and refreshment stand had its crowd of customers.

One of the most stirring sights of the fair and one which will linger long in the memory of spectators was the parade of premium horses, augmented by many fine specimens of horseflesh not entered for premiums. Both bands attended this cavalcade on its march around the grounds and the antics of the spirited animals dancing to the music was an inspiring sight.

As event succeeded event on the program the visitors seemed to realize the amount of work necessary to present this exhibition for their amusement and instruction, and enthusiastic expressions of admiration for the McKean county fair commenced to be heard on every side.

The workers of the various exhibits in the [illegible] under the grandstand were inspected by admiring thousands while the second floor of this mammoth structure was crowded to the last square inch of its capacity—it being estimated that over 1200 people were in the stand.

The stock, child under acres of canvas attracted many sightseers and the display of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc., was very creditable when it is taken into consideration that the farmers were not sure until the month of August that a fair would be held this year. Next year the agricultural end of the fair will be on a much larger scale, it now being the intention of the fair association to greatly increase the capital stock of the company with the aim of making the McKean County Fair one of the most extensive affairs of its kind in the State.

To Robt. W. Hilton and the directors of the fair association the people of this county owe a debt of gratitude for their tireless efforts in making the fair a success, nor will their enterprise end here, as their plans for greater achievements are all ready formed and with the hearty co-operation of the citizens of this county cannot help but be crowned with success.

Friday was a repetition of Thursday on a smaller scale, although many of Thursday's visitors stayed to enjoy another day on the beautiful fair grounds. Coudersport, Port Allegany and Eldred were well represented. The St. Marys band was in attendance, and right here is a good time to say that the band is composed of expert musicians, who are also gentlemen in the best sense of the word. The band certainly made a hit with the people.

The vaudeville company was a pleasing feature of the fair and its members interested the crowd with clever performances on the elevated platform between the heats of the races.

In summing up the whole exhibition it is best described by saying it was a success, with a big S, and not the least encouraging fact, especially to the stockholders, is that the proceeds were sufficient to cover current expenses. The Association is at work on the list of prize winners and it is thought that the work will be completed within two weeks when the premium money will be awarded.

THURSDAY'S RACES AND RACES.

Amid the clamor of the crowd and the blare of the bands the Bolivar team, champions of Allegany county, N. Y., and Smethport, the McKean County champions clashed on the diamond at the fair grounds Thursday afternoon in the fifth game of baseball. Chisholm umpired both games and [illegible] while the grounds were new and rough, the actions of some of the players were considerably more recent and weather. The [illegible] display was lurid and finally culminated in Bolivar leaving the field in the fifth inning with the score 9 to 5 in Smethport's favor. This game "counted" and made Smethport the opponents of Coudersport on the morrow.

After much tossing the players decided to indulge in another exhibition and five innings were played, which resulted in a victory for Bolivar by a score of 5 to 1.

Thursday's big program contained four interesting events, the first being a 2:40 trot, purse $300, which was won by Lutely owned by C. H. Olcott of Glen Cove, N. Y., one of a field of five starters:

Fairbanchief	2	1	1	1
Lipscomb Wilkes, b. s.	1	2	5	5
Katy C., b. m.	3	5	2	4
Kurtosh Blue Stone, b. m.	5	4	3	3
Judge Sidney, b. m.	4	3	4	2

Time 2:30, 2:37½, 2:34½, 2:36.

The second race, 2:24 trot, purse $300, was won by Fox, owned by E. Parker, Hadsport, N. Y., in straight heats:

Sam	1	1	1
Ansburg	3	3	2
Crown Prince	4	2	3
Minnie Bradstreet	2	4	4

Time 2:30½, 2:28, 2:27.

The 2:20 pace, purse $300, was especially interesting to McKean county people as among the entries were Robt. Hilton's famous pacer, *Honest Dan*, and *Georgie*, owned by William McKeown of Mt. Alton, Pa. The applause was loud and long when Honest Dan won the first two heats, the final heat being the certain raiser on Friday. The result follows:

Honest Dan	1	1	1
Inez Thorn	2	4	2
Georgie	3	3	3
Maggie C	4	2	4

Time 2:22 2:28 2:22½.

The final event Thursday was a half mile and repeat running race, between *Rolly-Poly* and *Betts*. Each horse won a heat and owing to approaching darkness the owners divided the $150 purse.

FRIDAY'S BALL GAME AND RACES.

Friday's ball game was rather a sleepy affair. The players did not seem to possess any ginger and Smethport's errors were numerous and costly. Campbell and Convery did the twirling for the Lick Diggers and Martin caught. For Smethport Jessup was relieved by Hector in the fifth inning and Eichberger caught. The final tally was 16 to 7 in favor of Coudersport and the crowd was glad when it was over. For Smethport Deming's hitting was the feature while Tyler carried off the batting honors for Coudersport.

After the final heat of the 2:20 pace, continued from Thursday, the first race on Friday's program was a 2:24 pace, purse $200. Four horses started in this race which was won by the favorite, Maggie C, owned by William Cobb of Spring Mills, N. Y. *Georgie*, owned by William McKeown of Mt. Alton, was second:

Maggie C., b. m.	2	1	1	1
Georgie, bl. m.	1	2	1	4
Spot Cash, sr. g.	4	3	3	2
Black Star, bl. g.	3	4	2	3

Time 2:26½, 2:24, 2:26, 2:26.

The free-for-all attracted a great deal of attention among sporting men and some fast horses were entered. It was an exciting race between Little Rube and Bessie Drake every heat, but the former horse which is owned by F. Barlow of Johnstown, Pa., captured the race in three straight heats, pacing the second mile in 2:18, the fastest time made yet on the track:

Little Rube	1	1	1
Bessie Drake	2	2	2
Fannie Russell	3	4	3
Sandow	4	3	5
Sun Down	5	5	4

Time 2:19½, 2:18, 2:19.

The gentlemen's horse road race, purse $50, no entrance fee, for horses owned in McKean county was the final race of the fair, and was trotted in half-mile heats, best two in three. Frank C, owned by E. C. Cleveland of Mt. Jewett was the winner:

Frank C., (E. C. Cleveland, Mt. Jewett.)	3	1	1
Topsy, (George Greer, Bradford.)	1	3	3
Charlotte, (C. R. Gallup, Mt. Jewett.)	2	2	2
Derby, (George Shepard, Port Allegany.)	4	4	4
Lady Duffer, (John Carlson, Port Allegany.		dist.	

More heating stoves arriving each day. You get the best when you buy of Holmes & Gilfillan.

CLEVELAND TO SMETHPORT.

A De-Lightful Ride in a White Steamer Touring Car.

It isn't very often that the editor gets a chance to go on an automobiling tour so when Orlo J. Hamlin invited us to go to Cleveland and return with him in his new White Steamer we did not refuse. Leaving home at 7:30 Friday afternoon we went to Port Allegany where the party took the boat, City of Dunkirk for Cleveland, arriving at 7 a. m. Eastern time. It was a clear moonlight night and the trip was most enjoyable.

After breakfast the party, which was composed of Messrs. S. Sage and agent for the White car, W. C. Avery of Bradford, Orlo J. Hamlin, Howard E. Merrill and Harry L. Backus, visited the White garage and finding that Mr. Hamlin's car was not quite ready to start took another car and spent the day on the beautiful drives around Cleveland.

At 4 p. m. Central time, which is equivalent to 5 p. m. Eastern time, everything being in readiness we started on the 200-mile run to Buffalo. The car seemed anxious to go and darted off at a lively clip. Out on Euclid avenue, where the asphalt pavement is smooth, Chauffeur Avery turned out to pass a slower car and just as he started to make the turn took on the right side of the trolley lines the car struck a place that had been sprinkled and turned completely around without its mate's or the occupants, but he quickly turned around and was off in an instant, passing the other car again in a short distance.

Out of the city limits, without any delays, Mr. Sage ran us at a rapid rough Friday clip for a distance of a little over 100 miles, or until Mr. Avery took his car up for a 25 mile average and at 3 o'clock we were at Painesville and at 4 we were in Ashtabula, and just at 6 p. m., Eastern time, we drove into Erie. Here both men and car fed, and at 7:30 we were on the road again and although we could not drive as fast after dark with the numerous rigs which are on the road in the grape country on a Sunday evening at this time of year we reached Buffalo at 12:30, averaging about 20 miles an hour from Erie. After one has driven 200 miles it is not a hard matter for even a wide-awake editor to sleep, and therefore the start from Buffalo was not early. Mr. Merrill had gone to his home in Geneva and T. H. Pancoast took his place from Buffalo. The start was made at 1 p. m. and at 6 we pulled into Olean. Lunch was had and at 6:30 the car steamed out of the city of natural advantages, arriving in Smethport shortly before 8 p. m.

The drive from Cleveland to Buffalo is a most delightful one and must be taken to be appreciated. Farming seems to be almost the only industry but it certainly is profitable, for the houses, barns, etc., point to thrifty and comfortable lives. Between Erie and Buffalo is the grape belt and the odor of ripe grapes as one passes along is most pleasing and in the moonlight the large vineyards could be seen nearly as well as in daylight.

A White steam touring car is undoubtedly the pleasantest mode of travel yet known to the person who enjoys scenery and pure air. If you wish you can travel practically as fast as by rail, and where the roads are good there is practically no more jar. As a rule the roads were good, much better than are to be found in this section, they have their rough places, nevertheless. When we came to the rough places our speed would be cut down to ten or fifteen miles an hour, but when a place of this kind was reached Mr. Avery would open her up and away we went at 35 or 40 mile clip as smoothly as though we were coasting still. Aside from the writer receiving a beautiful black eye for not being sufficiently polite to bow low in recognition to the King of the Forest, the trip was devoid of accident or unpleasing incident and even though we were thus punished we can truthfully say that it was one of the most heartily enjoyed outings of our life.

Found Robbins' Remains?

While excavating in the rear of S. S. Fry's barn near Water street Tuesday morning John Grigsby unearthed a coffin containing the skeleton of a man.

The tract of land on the south side of Water street between Fulton and State streets was used as a cemetery up to 35 years ago.

The fact that the skull laid in a position entirely independent of the remainder of the frame gives color to the the theory that the skeleton is that of Uzza Robbins, who poisoned his wife in Sergeant township August 7, 1849, was subsequently convicted of the crime and was hanged August 30, 1850.

The story was circulated at that time that the head was cut from the corpse, examined by physicians and afterward re-interred with the remains. The skeleton and coffin were remarkably well preserved.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Continuation of Court News.

Criminal court lasted the entire week, getting through Saturday just in time for the jurors and other court attendants to catch the trains for home. The last jury case to be tried was that of Commonwealth vs. M. W. Reinhold, charged with selling liquor to minors. At the previous term of court the jury could not reach a verdict but they were out but a short time in this session when a verdict of not guilty and county paid the costs was rendered. Other cases tried after the first week:

The jury in the case of Buck Nor, an Italian charged with stabbing a fellow countryman in Bradford, last June, found him guilty as indicted. He was sentenced to serve three years in the Western penitentiary.

Guy Taxmon and Dore Chandler, charged with shanty burglary and larceny, plead guilty. Sentence was suspended until next term of court.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Margaret Gorman the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

In the case of the Commonwealth against Stella Paton, charged with surety of the peace, a nolle prosse was entered.

In the case of the Commonwealth against Jim Pippo and Rocco Marejo for felonious assault and battery. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty as to Rocco and guilty in the case of Marejo, who was sentenced to serve two years in the penitentiary.

George Black was found guilty of assault and battery. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs in default of which he was sent to jail.

Charles Dennis, charged with felonious assault, did not appear in court and his bail was declared forfeited. Dennis was charged with brutally beating his mother and father. His mother did not want to appear against him, and a doctor's certificate was presented in court to show that she was too ill to appear. Investigation developed the fact that Mrs. Dennis was able to go to court and Judge Bouton ordered the case to go on. Then Dennis did not appear and the case was not tried at this court. The defense had been seeking a continuance.

John Sporito, an Italian from Crosby, who was convicted on two indictments of assault with intent to rape, gets three years and six months on the first indictment and three years on the second indictment, the latter sentence to be computed from the expiration of the first sentence.

John McNally, convicted of assault and robbery, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, and Olney Barrows, who pleaded guilty to assault with intent to kill on Walter Grimes of Liberty township was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs and undergo imprisonment in the western penitentiary for a period of three and one half years.

In the case of Eugene Paine and Guy Paine, who were charged with violating the election law, not a true bill was rendered.

The grand jury in the case against Frank Albert, charged with violating the butchering act, found "not a true bill," the prosecutor to pay costs.

Death of an Old Resident.

David Martin died at his home on the Clermont road, Norwich township on Friday last, aged 61 years, 3 months and 6 days.

The subject of this sketch was born in Philadelphia June 30, 1838, one year after his parents came to this county. In 1844, he came to McKean county with his parents who settled at Tevrene which was near where Clermont is at present. He received his education in the common schools of this county and spent his boyhood days on the farm of his parents. When 21 years of age he began work for himself as a laborer and on August 24, 1864, was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth M. Harner. To them were born four children, three of whom survive to mourn his demise, namely: John C., Edward D. and Mrs. F. H. Reed of Clermont. His beloved wife died in 1878. Four years before his marriage he purchased the farm on which he has always resided.

Mr. Martin was an honored member of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., Bradford Chapter, No. 260, and Trinity Commandry, No. 58, Knights Templar. He was well known in this section of the county and he was held in the highest esteem by all his friends and acquaintances. He was honest, upright and honorable in all his dealings and a man whom one could safely trust in every way. He was always considerate of the feelings of others and it seemed to be his greatest pleasure to make others happy. A wide circle of sincere friends will unite with his bereaved children in mourning the death of a kind, considerate and loving father.

The funeral services (under Masonic auspices) were held on Sunday afternoon at his late home, Rev. Lasher of Mt. Jewett officiating. Special trains from Bradford and Smethport carried large delegations of brother Masons to pay the last earthly tribute to their departed brother.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE IN SESSION

The Thirty-Ninth Meeting was Opened Monday Afternoon.

MANY TEACHERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Supt. Burdette S. Bayle Has Charge. Many Good Instructors Engaged. Fine Evening Entertainments.

The institute was called to order at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon by the new superintendent, B. S. Bayle, and was led in singing by Prof. Mooney, whose wonderful voice and inspiring presence brought out a full chorus. Rev. Dye led the devotionals. Dr. Willis, of the University of Kentucky, showed how some minds overbalance the body and induce in it weakness and diseases that are purely mental in cause; while some over-developed athletes completely dwarfed and destroyed their mind; that to be healthful we must balance these bodily and mental forces. Our guides in doing this are the natural impulses; the instinct to play, which should suggest relaxation as our plan of education; the instinct to work, which should suggest the use of means to instruction; to these should be added restrictions to nothing. All these are guides to mental and physical training.

Prof. F. S. Breed talked interestingly of writing, showing that our modern nervousness as to best system and method is a heritage from ages past. Time after time men have turned to vertical for legibility, then drifted into slant for rapidity. Individuals repeat the race's experience. No one should be compelled to write either hand, if found unnatural to him. It must be decided individually.

MONDAY EVENING.

Dr. Miller, of Lima College, followed a musical treat by Prof. Mooney with a lecture on "El Dorado; the Gilded Land." The Spanish have left us little to admire in some lines, but in the realness of the poetic have given us creations of beauty, not the least pleasing of these is the conceit that somewhere there is a land of fabulous wealth where nuggets lie like pebbles about the streets. There is such an El Dorado in every life. In the long run merit wins. In spirit-rousing pictures, the speaker painted the achievements of those whose sole aid to winning is merit. The highest personal worth a man can attain is his El Dorado.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Dr. Bible, of The Philadelphia School of Oratory, spoke on "Elements of Expression." Oral reading is the natural expression by speech, voice, facial expression, and gesture, of one's conception of the author's thought and meaning, we can bring out the dim outline of the thought by mere successive pronunciation of the words; we can fill in, and greatly vary the picture by tone-colors, or emphasis. Voice, tone, facial expression, and gesture must harmonize with the words. Facial expression controls tone. Our expression and tone decides the pupil's attitude towards us.

Ex-Supt. Eccles spoke of his pleasure in again meeting the teachers. He likes to visit the institute because he meets there the County's best teaching force. Live topics do not outgrow the usefulness of the institute. If it no longer helps, the teacher has not outgrown it, he has simply decreased as a teacher.

Dr. Miller spoke of the value of time. If one does nothing worthy, before the age of forty, he is little likely to do so after that age; while those who early make a good use of time are useful even to old age. Napoleon, Caesar, Scipio, Hannibal, Grant, and Roosevelt were young men when their names took the world by storm. Bryant, Stowe, Beecher and Holmes were powerful writers till old age, yet their masterpieces were written in youth. These were geniuses; but a genius is simply one of us who works intelligently and persistently. Life's greatest lesson is to use time profitably.

Prof. Breed completed his work on writing. He advised a rigorous adherence to the system adopted, with a view to strengthen a good system, or to show up a bad one. A pupil left handed by nature should not be compelled to change to the right. We should visualize one letter at a time, and one element only of this one letter. Count for concert movements.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Dr. Willis spoke of "The Making of the Man." These laws of life must all be provided for to complete the development of the man: The law of self activity, or repetition, of truth and error, of aesthetics, of ethics, of religion of love, of animal appetite. These laws, roused by desire and developed into habit, result in character.

Prof Mooney spoke of music in the school. He advised the cultivation of a love of melody in the early grades, with a memorizing of simple songs, and a teaching of the simpler musical knowledge in every grade from the fifth. The professor then sang in his own inimitable way a solo which elicited hearty applause.

Prof. Griffiths, formerly of Derrick City, spoke of the "Teacher in the profession of the School." A full [illegible] logy, which it was useless to [illegible] his talk. The teacher [illegible] before him spirits of deathless value and treasurable possibilities, which, wisely developed, will call him benefactor when time is no longer regarded.

Dr. Bible closed the session with a characteristically spirited talk, shortened to permit the teachers to attend the Smethport-Port Allegany ball game. He advised concert reading of familiar selections, because the fear of "speaking out" is thereby relieved. Every good thing should be read several times, for the thought, for varying shades of meaning, for tone-coloring, for voice training and for memorizing. Take up familiar poems and drill, drill, drill.

TUESDAY EVENING.

A full house greeted the High School contestants at the Lyceum. The debate on "Resolved, that the man whose only income is a salary enjoys life better than the man who is [illegible] upon profits" was [illegible] by Jay A. [illegible] Kane, and Fritz Schoonover, of Smethport, Sidney Burdick, Smethport, and Wm. Henson, Eldred, on the negative. The first prize of ten dollars was awarded to Ovid, the second, of five dollars, to Robson, and the third, of two dollars, to Schoonover. The recitations of Alan Eckels, Kane; Ruth McMaster, Port Allegany; Ethel Partridge, Mt. Jewett; Edith Neff, Eldred, and Sarah Greer, Smethport. The prizes of five two and one dollar were awarded, to the first three in order. The work of each contestant was first rate and all won, as the Superintendent well said, whether the prizes came to them or not. The excellent program included vocal solos by Prof. Mooney and Mrs. Burdick and a finely rendered violin solo by Cy Chisholm, Port Allegany's boy violinist. The judges were the visiting institute instructors.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Prof. Miller took up the subject, "Russia, the Sleeping Giant." The nation two and one-half times the size of our nation, with nearly double our population. Poorly governed as we think Russia, we have twenty lawless mobs to Russia's one, and put them down by the same strong hand. Russia produces all black oxide of manganese, which gives us cheap wall paper, and which, in another form, is necessary to the making of Bessemer steel. It lends the world in producing beautiful tapestry, fine leather, platinum, the only substance that will endure to melt gold, and it closely rivals us in wheat, corn, rye and crude oil.

The teachers' association held a short session, receiving the financial reports of the sessions at Port Allegany and Derrick City. The new officers are Prof. C. L. Winter, president, an Allegheny college alumnus, and an exceptionally strong man, and Miss Margaret Pidgeon of Custer City, secretary-treasurer.

Dr. Smith of Mansfield spoke kind of a visit to historic Harvard, and of seeing there inscribed upon the entrance gate, "Enter to grow in wisdom," and on the inside, "Go forth to better serve your country and your fellows." These mottos might well serve us in our institute. To be wise is not literally to have facts, it is to be able to think clearly and soundly and to turn sound thinking into conduct.

Prof. Pierce of Ridgway gave a pleasing talk on habits, showing how so much of our lives is habit. The best teacher is usually the best drill master; for to drill, you must know absolutely, you must repeat patiently, you must keep unceasingly and everlastingly upon the right processes, for a single false production offsets your habit forming.

Conference Appointments.

The following appointments in the Olean district were made Tuesday at the Methodist conference at Wellsboro: Allegany and Knapps Creek, F. A. Johnson; Allentown, W. D. Allen; Angelica, Joseph Morrow; Colegrove and Clermont, M. H. Minor; Duke Center Rixford, D. E. Stiles; East Otto, W. H. Adams; Eldred, W. B. Schoonfelin; Ellicottville, C. W. Walker; Franklinville, A. C. Willey; Genesee and Hickox, A. M. Churchill; Hinsdale and Harkill, Ward Barrows; Limestone, S. W. Southworth; Mt. Alton, L. B. Cook; Olean First, M. H. Liebtiete; Oswayo and Ellisburg, to be supplied; Roulette, J. E. Tallant; Rushford and Canadea, David White; Scio, A. A. Craw; Shingle House, I. H. Crocker; Smethport, E. A. Harris.

LOST—Between the entrance to the grandstand and main gate at the fair grounds a L. O. T. M. pin. Reward if returned to Mrs. J. H. Green, Hill St.

THE NEARER BATTLE

By Howard Fielding

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For a week after the day's work was finished Kendall regularly presented himself at the door of the Cameron home and rested his arms on the dress guard of a street car. He looked haggard like a sheep watch in the small hours of the morning, and he had abandoned all efforts at neatness and had gone to bed with his clothes unbrushed. But the engineer must be tinkered and put together as I would

SHE HAD MERELY STOPPED AT HIS DOOR.

up and sold. He scanned it in the cold light of day and was amazed to find some good in it, a clever bit of characterization wasted, a touch of the picturesque oddly out of place, a glint of truth in a muddy mess of insincerity. There was even a pleasant jingle in the language, marred by dissonances unnatural and malicious, as if the very devil had jogged the author's elbow.

Kendall read and was affected with pity of himself and with a certain sympathy, a sorrowing tenderness, for the poor stuff that he had labored to produce, the misbegotten child of fair abilities.

A weak, nervous tapping at the door—a knock that was as characteristic as handwriting and revealed a fixed habit of indecision—summoned Kendall to perform the sad rites of homeless hospitality. The aspect of his visitor was so clear in his imagination that he scarce saw her better after the door was open than before. She was a faded woman of forty-five in whose face there lurked an astonishing restlessness, illusive and inappropriate to her years, the ghost of girlhood.

He gave her welcome from an honest heart, but with a feigned good cheer. Would she come in? No, she was upon some errand and had merely stopped at his door. Nevertheless as he continued to stand waiting she entered and sat down.

"Edith has had breakfast," said she. "I brought up a cup of coffee and an orange. She seems to feel better this morning."

"There's nothing like a good square meal such as you mention," said he, smiling sadly, "to put a heart in one. May I go in by and by?"

"Yes, right away," she said, rising, while her eyes wandered to the writing table, "if it won't interrupt your work. Edith wants to see you."

He escorted her to the head of the stairs and then returned to his room, where he paced back and forth for some minutes, forcing himself to think cheerful-and-brave thoughts and striving to bring his countenance into accord with them. When this process had accomplished all that could be looped to it in the light of his experience therewith he went out into the hall and saw a big, sturdy man ascending the stairs, which creaked loudly beneath him.

"Good morning, doctor," said Kendall. "May I ask if you are going to see Miss Cameron?"

"Yes. I was on another call in the house and met her mother, who suggested that I should go up."

"Will you look in upon me after you have seen her?" said Kendall, turning toward his room.

It may have been half an hour later when the doctor knocked and was admitted. Kendall eyed him with obvious aching anxiety.

"Convalescence is a long business sometimes," said the doctor. "Miss Cameron had a serious illness, and there is a sense in which she has recovered from it, but a complete restoration to health may be a very tedious process."

"Do you see any improvement?"

The doctor shook his head, and to the next question, "A loss, perhaps?" he answered with a guarded assent.

"I dread the winter," said Kendall. "If she could have a change of scene, if she could live an outdoor life in healthful surroundings"—

"I understand that there is a pecuniary difficulty."

"They have a small property," rejoined Kendall, "but it is not yielding much income just now. I have looked into the matter at Mrs. Cameron's request. A year from now they will be somewhat easier in pocket. Meanwhile they live here upon greatly reduced terms because of relationship. You doubtless know the situation."

"Mrs. Cameron explained it to me," said the doctor cautiously. "She mentioned an indebtedness which— Confound it!" he broke out. "If those people would stop worrying, the girl would be as well as I am in six months."

Kendall was very pale, and his face looked drawn and old.

"You are aware that I was engaged to Miss Cameron," said he. "In the circumstances at the time of Miss Cameron's illness her mother, with great reluctance, permitted me to assist in meeting these demands. I was then in a fair way, but now"—his voice sank—"my nerve, spirit and resources"—"Now I have gone all to pieces. I can scarce give you my hand. And she is in a critical condition! I—I—I—

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Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

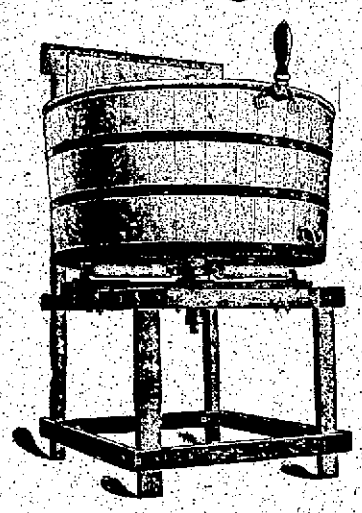
HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

Acme Washing Machine



Does More Work—Better Work—With Less Work Than Any Washing Machine on the Market.

Runs on Ball Bearings Without Effort—No Noise.

Will Wash Finest Fabrics Without Tearing or Breaking a Thread—the Heaviest Articles With Perfect Ease.

Simplicity Itself. Absolutely Nothing to Get Out of Order.

Wringer is Always in Place. It is Not Necessary to Detach.

Call and examine.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost

germs can't be avoided. ... in the air we ... the water we ...

... germs can only prosper ... in the condition of ... it gives it free ... establish itself and ... When there is a ... of vital force, ... restlessness, a sal... cheek, a hollow eye, ... the appetite is poor ... the sleep is broken, it ... time to guard against the ... Nature ... fortify the body against ... the use of Dr. Pierce's ... Discovery. It increases ... assimilative ... the system of ... nourishment, enriches the blood, ... each and every organ of digestion ... in perfect working condition, so ... it finds no weak or tainted ... on which to feed. Golden Medical ... contains no alcohol, whisky ... or opium.

"Your Golden Medical Discovery" is a ... friend," writes Geo. N. Tanner, ... Financial Secretary International ... of Teamsters), 238 California ... Denver, Colo. "For the past seven ... my health gradually failed. I lost my ... became nervous and debilitated, ... so run down and unable to sleep. ... medicine helped me until I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It put new life ... my veins and increased vitality until I ... and once more enjoy life and attend to my business." Eight bottles effected a complete cure and finally do I recommend it."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets only one or two a day will regulate and cleanse and invigorate a foul, bad Stomach, torpid Liver, or sluggish Bowels.

Working Horn.

It is often the case that amateurs would like to make some use of hard, solid horns, but from the rigid and obstinate nature of the material are unable to do so. A simple process carefully followed out would enable any one to make beautiful and useful articles. The inner part of the horn is scraped out, then it is thrown into water and boiled for an hour or so, when it becomes soft. It is then held in the flame of a wood or coal fire, being constantly turned. It should be kept in the fire for some time, care being taken that it does not burn, and is frequently moistened by being dipped in boiling water. The heat and steam will soften it to about the condition of molten lead. It is therefore very soft and can be split lengthwise by a strong knife and pinchers. It can then be cut into thin layers by separating the sheets of which it is composed. By being pressed between dies it can be made to take almost any form. When the article is complete it can be scraped smooth then given a high polish.

Snakes.

Snakes have their usefulness in the world. They are the scavengers of swamps and morasses where other animals of size are unable to penetrate or to exist. It is in the tropics of course that serpents chiefly abound. All snakes are of cognate origin, but some species have spread into cooler latitudes. In very cold countries there are no snakes. Contrary to the popular belief, there are some snakes in Ireland, but they are very rare. The smallest serpents in the world are the "worm snakes" of the tropics. They are about as big as fair sized earthworms. Some snakes lay eggs, while others bring forth their young alive. In the latter category are vipers, rattlesnakes and nearly all water snakes. Pythons incubate their eggs after laying them.

Placid Hindoo Servants.

Hindoo servants are the most imperturbable people in the world. You may throw one downstairs or put him on the rack. He accepts both with exactly the same expression of countenance. The Indian's religion is at the bottom of all his acts, all his feelings. He eats, sleeps, angles and has his being according to religious formula. Buddha's doctrine of reincarnation forms his whole philosophy of life. The fact that you are the master now is due to the fact that you have been the servant in some previous reincarnation. So is the servant now, and the only chance for him to be reborn in the master's position is to learn all the lessons of his present incarnation. He takes everything philosophically. It is all a part of the day's work.

Was Willing to Go to Sea.

At the time when William E. Chandler of New Hampshire was secretary of the navy Admiral Meade was commandant of the navy yard in Washington. They got into trouble somehow, these two positive gentlemen, and the commandant was summoned before the secretary one day on a matter of importance. The secretary told the commandant that if he kept on, or words to that effect, he should certainly be obliged to punish him by sending him to sea. "Mr. Secretary," said Meade, "I haven't anything to say except that when it is punishment for an officer of the navy to be ordered to sea, what is your service coming to? I should like to go to sea, sir. Good day."

London.

London is a shop and a bank, a gambling hell and a cathedral. Its streets are paved with gold and set with thorns. It is the place for a rich man and the place for a poor man. It is all wealth and happiness. It is all poverty and distress. It is a huge paradox. Many things are possible in London that are also impossible. If it so please you and you possess the ability to do so you may live not merely a double life, but half a dozen different lives, which will never clash with one another. You may be in London at the same time a priest and a pirate. It is big enough for both of you.—J. H. M. Abbott in Spectator.

Cooked Under Water.

In 1736 one James Austin laid a wager of $500 that he would cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames near Rotherhithe. The bet was readily accepted, and many people flocked to the appointed locale to watch this strange exhibition of the culinary art. Inclosed in a tin pan in the center of a sack of lime the pudding was lowered beneath the water, where for two hours and a half it remained. It was then taken up and partaken of by a committee who declared that Austin had won his wager, the pudding being, if anything, overdone.

A Broad Hint.

"Mamma," said a six-year-old girl, entering the sitting room one morning recently, "don't you want some candy?"

The mother was writing a letter. "Yes, yes, dear," she replied. "Give me a piece."

"I ain't got any," came from the child. "An' I ain't got any nickel to get none."

She got the nickel.—Kansas City Times.

Indian Remedies.

The Indian pharmacopoeia comprised thoroughwort, sarsaparilla and Indian hemp, used as emetics; the bark of the horse chestnut and butternut, used as cathartics. They were also acquainted with many poisons, most of which were used on their weapons. For asthma they employed tobacco and sassafras, for coughs slippery elm, for dropsy the wild gooseberry, for wounds powdered puff balls. They treated boils with onion poultices.

Morally Improving Habit.

The habit of dressing well grows on a man like the opium habit, but its consequences, instead of being disastrous, are delightful and socially as well as morally improving.—Sartorial Art Review.

Antiquity of Soap.

The origin of soap is a mystery, but we have many evidences of its antiquity. It is mentioned at least twice in the Bible under the name of borith at a period corresponding to several centuries before Christ. In the Louvre in Paris there is an interesting old vase of Etruscan manufacture whose age is computed at about 2,500 years. It is interesting in connection with our subject as bearing a group of children in relief who are engaged in blowing bubbles from pipes. Though we must not overlook the fact that certain vegetable juices are capable of being used in blowing bubbles, it is for many reasons more probable that soap of artificial manufacture was employed for the purpose. In the unearthed city of Pompeii, the preservation of which has been the means of revealing to us many antique customs, there is to be seen a soap manufactory, with all the kettles and other paraphernalia pertaining to the business; also a quantity of soap, evidently the product of this antique "soapery." The memorable volcanic eruption, while removing a city from the face of the earth, preserved to us the evidences of a high civilization.

A Kind Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life and stirs up ill will and grief and falls like a drop of gall on the sweets of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the seas. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.—Lillie Burritt.

Students Must Have High Ideals.

Whatever the student's bent, whatever his ultimate intention in the way of practice may be, the same simple rules will hold good. He must be earnest in his desire to learn, and he must never be contented with partially understanding. He must be methodical, working according to a plan, and ready to sacrifice his personal pleasures and comforts to every out that plan. And he must keep before him a high ideal of his professional duties, ever remembering that his mission is to prevent disease and heal the sick. He has joined an altruistic profession, one where the rewards are often incommensurate altogether with the labors, but one where his power of doing good if thoroughly and intelligently exerted will be greater than it would be in any other walk of life.—London Lancet.

Zangwill's Revenge.

While yet an obscure writer Israel Zangwill submitted to an American magazine a poem which he received back in due course with the customary slip expressing the editor's great sorrow at his inability to make use of the contribution.

The manuscript found its way into a pigeonhole, to be resurrected some time later when fame had found him out. The poem was sold to the same magazine to which it had originally been sent, but this time the editor cabled a request to the author and paid a fancy price for it.

Experimented With Poisons.

When Antony and Cleopatra were contemplating suicide they made a collection of a great variety of poisons and tried each of them on two or more slaves in order to ascertain whether death was accompanied with much apparent suffering. One historian declares that over 200 persons lost their lives in order that the information might be obtained. The result was that Antony killed himself with a dagger and Cleopatra either with one of her selected poisons or by a serpent's bite.

When Man Woos.

The average man woos for choice a humming bird of the most gorgeous plumage. The man's taste is perfectly understandable. The mistake comes later. When he has secured his bird he carries it home and expects to find in the cage a demure little canary possessed of every staid, domestic and canary-like attribute.—London Queen.

Repartee.

Mrs. Jawback—Get right away from here, you nasty tramp, or I'll call my husband! Oliver Mudd—G'wan! Yer husband ain't to home. Mrs. Jawback—How do you know? Oliver Mudd—Husbands of women like you never are to home 'cept for meals.—Cleveland Leader.

Under the Padding.

Nell—Miss Fit-Memy says that 75 per cent of the fashionable women are not as shapely as they sometimes appear. Belle—How does she get that information down so fine? Nell—Being a dressmaker, she gets at the inside figure.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Long Time Waiting.

Guest—I say, my man, how long have you been a waiter in this cafe? Waiter—About six months, sir. Guest—Oh, then it can't be you that I gave my order to!—Exchange.

Getting Even.

"Why do you suppose so many people say they like to listen to the rain?"

"Stupid! Because the rain is such an eavesdropper."—Baltimore American.

The Bargain.

Littleton—What under the canopy are you going to do with all that white satin? Mrs. Littleton—Why, it's for baby! It was such a bargain. I knew I'd never find any so cheap again, and it will be lovely for her wedding gown.—Brooklyn Life.

INDIGESTION'S RECORD

"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest.

¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

If you must be extravagant go to a tailor.

But if you want to be well dressed; to wear clothes having quality, style and fit, and yet only pay a REASONABLE SUM, you should buy your WINTER SUIT or OVERCOAT from us.

Glad to have you come and investigate the merits of our claims. Suits or Overcoats from $5.00 up to $17.50.

Walk-Over Shoes, $3.50 and $4.00.

Soft and Stiff Hats $1.50 to $3.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.

SMETHPORT.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS

SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

HAND PAINTED CHINA

STATIONERY

PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

"Show Me"

These are the days when statements must be proven. We want to prove this statement

We can please you in the Tea and Coffee line.

Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Coffees

18c, 20c, 25c and 30c per lb.
2 lb. sealed cans 75c.
White House Coffee, per lb. 35c.

Tetley's Teas

India and Ceylon, ½ lb. pkg. 35c.
" " " 30c.
Black Salada, ½ lb. pkg. 25c.
Uncolored Japan and Gunpowder per lb. 50c.
Green Tea and Nibs, per lb. 40c.
Tea Dust, 2 lbs. for 25c.

Give these a trial.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

First Fall Millinery Opening

Beginning TUESDAY, OCT. 3, and continuing all the week.

During the week of the Fair we will exhibit all the latest designs in Pattern Hats and Novelties, new shapes in Ready-to-Wears and the most exquisite styles in Headwear for Children. Also will show a beautiful line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Golf Blouses. A new lot of Ladies' Skirts made up in the latest and most stylish cloths for fall. New Neckwear and Belts.

Don't fail to visit this store on the above days.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The new ad of Bell Bros., Olean, should be read this week.

—L. K. Hogarth has an attractive sign placed in front of his drug store.

—The Hennessey Hose Company No. 2 was recently organized at St. Marys with a membership of 35.

—In observance of Yom Kippur, the most solemn feast of the Hebrew religion, the Jewish business houses of this place were closed Monday.

—The dances at the hose house last week received good patronage and the hose boys realized a neat sum besides furnishing enjoyment to many persons.

—The McKean Miner office boasts of a symphony quartet. More likely a sympathy quartet.—Eldred Eagle. Not yet, brother. It must be heard to be appreciated.

—Miss Helen McCoy entertained the Euchre Club last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Sandford L. Fry won the prize for progressions, Mrs. H. Redfield the lone hand and Mrs. Balsley the guest prize.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grabe, who were recently married in Smethport, have arrived in Bradford from their wedding journey and will commence housekeeping on Terrace street.—Bradford Record.

—While descending the back stairs at her home on West Main street last Thursday afternoon Mrs. E. R. Mayo slipped and fell and suffered a severe sprain of the ankle which will confine her to the house for some time.

—A report of the convention held in Duke Centre will be given at the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the M. E. chapel Saturday, October 14, at 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Light refreshments will be served.

—Among the extensive exhibitors at the fair was B. F. Williams of Friendship, N. Y., who had about 500 pounds of garden produce on exhibition and was the winner of many premiums. Mr. Williams spoke very pleasingly of the McKean county fair.

—Dr. G. A. Wilson, who had charge of Dr. Pierce's dental office during the latter's extended absence, has opened an office in Port Allegany. During his few months' residence in Smethport the doctor made many friends who will wish him success in his new location.

—Gordon Studholme and L. J. Maurer set walked to Smethport and back last Sunday morning, arriving here at eleven o'clock, making the trip in something less than six hours. They are members of the Port Allegany Walking Club which includes several of Port Allegany's obese citizens. The club is contemplating a morning's walk to Williamsport some day during the fall.—Reporter.

—Services as usual in the Baptist church next Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "Wanted—Fair ots," and in the evening "Voices from the McKean County Fair." Bible school at 12 m. Junior C. E. at 4 p. m. and Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend and strangers are gladly welcomed.—Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

The Month of August.

Every year as August, the eighth month, comes around it is due, which takes its name from Julius Cæsar, has thirty-one days, and Augustus who completed the calendar, declined to submit to the indignity of seeing his own month branded with the inferiority of one day less. The astronomers had accordingly to go into the lunar cards, and, after some perplexity, hit upon the expedient of shearing twenty-four hours from February's glory in order that August might face the world on a footing of perfect equality with July.

Hats on In Church.

Pepys shows that in the seventeenth century both men and women wore their hats to worship. "To church," he writes, "and heard a simple fellow open the praise of church musique and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church." Later he notes that he saw a minister "preach with his hat off, which I never saw before." The hat was then an integral part of both male and female costume, and Pepys catches "a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner."

A Golf Storage Romance.

He—Had an old experience the other day. One morning my breakfast boiled egg had an inscription on it. It said, "The finder may write to me," signed "Mary Smith." She—What reply did you get? He—The postmaster replied. He said that Miss Smith died of old age several years ago.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And Her Money.

"Yes, I was sorry to see Jack Goodley married to Miss Roxley."

"Sorry! For his sake or hers?"

"For mine. I wanted her."—New Yorker.

The Independent Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 14, 1905.

Republican Ticket

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Supreme Court Justice,
HON. JOHN STEWART,
of Chambersburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
I. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

After settling that little difference between Russia and Japan President Roosevelt now turns to the more serious business of eliminating the brutality from the game of football. The President started the ball rolling at a recent dinner which was attended by several men prominent in college athletics. Whether the game will be toned down to the gentle level of pin-pong remains to be seen.

S. Fred Nixon, speaker of the assembly of New York State, died at his home at Westfield yesterday. He was taken ill a short time ago with appendicitis. Simple methods relieved the trouble temporarily but a sudden turn for the worse came, and an operation was performed. The wound failed to heal, however, and a second operation was performed yesterday. From this he did not rally, dying at 4:30 p. m.

On Tuesday Edward G. Cunliffe, a clerk employed by the Adams Express Co., at Pittsburg did not report for work. Subsequently it was discovered that a package containing $100,000 in bills of different denominations, which had been entrusted to Cunliffe for delivery, was also missing. Inquiries at Cunliffe's home disclose the facts that he returned home at the usual time Tuesday evening, changed his clothes and told his wife he was going out to spend the evening. He cannot be traced further, although detectives are scouring the country for him.

By destroying the figures with mallet and chisel, Gutzon Borglum, sculptor of angels representing the annunciation and resurrection for the Cathedral of St. John at Morningside Heights, N. Y., has put an end to a controversy as to whether angels shall be masculine or feminine. The sculptor made the angels feminine, following the general inspiration of the beautiful. Some clergyman thought they should be masculine and the artist was justly indignant so he destroyed his lovely creations. In true art there is no sex as these exponents of "he" angels should be aware.

The Republican candidates who are seeking election this fall, have been making a tour of the county this week and report the outlook as being good, and why shouldn't it be? Every man on the ticket is fully capable of performing the duties of the office to which he aspires with credit to himself and his constituents and the voters of this county are pretty well aware of this fact. The only possible thing which can defeat one of these candidates is that too many might stay at home, thinking that their votes would not be needed. Do not be one of these fellows but get out and vote.

That the first annual fair and races of the McKean County Fair Association was a success goes without question and much credit must be given to the officers and directors of the Association who labored so zealously for its ultimate success. Last July the idea was conceived to hold a county fair and from then until the first day of the big show it was hustle with one end in view. To Mr. Robert W. Hilton a great deal of praise should be given for he it was who started the ball rolling and worked untiringly until all was over. That the work of those in charge was appreciated, was proven by the large crowds in attendance and by the words of praise heard on all sides.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington D. C., Oct. 7, 1905.

It is the President who is standing pat now, and he is standing as those who knew him knew he would stand on the railway rate legislation. He had a long talk to-day with Representative Townsend, co-author of the Esch-Townsend rate bill and, after it was over Mr. Townsend said that the bill would be introduced at the coming session and would have the President's fullest approval. Mr Townsend in speaking of the bill to-day said: "We had but one idea in framing it, and that was to remedy the defect in the present interstate commerce legislation and to allow the commission to do what it was always intended they should do, namely, make a decision and enforce it. The commission did actually exercise the authority it was supposed to have for several years till the matter was rested in court and the wording of the act found to be defective. The rest of the bill as we introduced it was merely to furnish the machinery for expediting the work of the commission. The matter has been discussed a good deal since the bill was first introduced, but I have heard nothing said that changed my opinion of the virtues of the measure. There are a good many people who say that the language used by the President in his message to Congress was ambiguous and that he did not mean what he was popularly supposed to have meant. This is a mistake or the work of the people who wanted to prepare for letting the President down easy in case he saw fit to change his mind. But as a matter of fact he did not want to change his mind and he did not want to be let down easy. His language was plain enough in the first place, and if I am not much mistaken, when his message goes to Congress this time the first or one of the first things it will contain will be a paragraph on rate legislation."

Mr. Townsend was asked if the testimony before the senate committee on interstate commerce had induced him to change his mind in any degree. He replied emphatically in the negative. "The railways," he said, "were asked to send witnesses to the hearing and of course they knew whom to send. They declared that it was unconstitutional to confer any such power on the railways as the bill proposed, but they were confronted by the records showing that the commission had exercised just such powers in the early years of its existence. Then there were a number of eminent lawyers called to show that the powers proposed by the bill were unconstitutional. But they called on the Attorney General and he assured them that the bill was constitutional. They also presented a lot of theories as to what the bill would do if it did become a law. But I am satisfied that not two per cent of the testimony presented by the railroads could be called evidence. It was simply the opinion of interested parties."

The Secretary of Agriculture announced, to the Cabinet meeting that he had decided on a scheme which would relieve the Department of Agriculture of considerable expense in connection with meat inspection and enable a larger force of inspectors to be put at work. It was nothing less than a plan to make the packers pay for the labels used in the inspection and thus relieve the department of that part of the expense. Heretofore the packers have stood none of the expense of the inspection. The government has footed the entire bill. The cost of the labels alone amounts to $63,000 and if this were saved to the Department and a small fee charged for the services of the inspectors, it would be a great saving and would enable a much larger force of inspectors to be put to work. In this way not only would the inspectors for the smaller houses engaged in interstate traffic and who have heretofore complained that they were discriminated against in favor of the big houses.

The Navy Department has about decided that there shall be three cruisers to make up the little squadron that will convey and escort the President on his trip from New Orleans to Hampton Roads. There are four new cruisers in Admiral Brownson's squadron, but one of them, the Maryland, is now undergoing repairs and will not be available. The other three, however, the Pennsylvania, the Colorado and the West Virginia, are the pick of the whole cruiser squadron of the navy, and it has been decided that these three shall be assigned the duty of escorting the President. He will probably sail on the West Virginia, she being the flagship of the squadron, and the other two will accompany her on escort duty.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 7, 1905:

Mrs. G. Bancroft, Earl Coon, Julius Gillian, Mrs. Maggie Gorman, Frank Green, Seth Guranians, G. H. Hunt, Miss Minnie Hill, Benjamin R. Hall, Daniel Hunter, Charles L. Nelson, Charlotte Roose, E. Steaner, J. E. Shaughnessey, Philip A. Walter.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. Gallup,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE
BELL BROS.

JUST ASK ABOUT

Have you seen the new bear skin coats for the little ones, ages 1 yr. to 6 yrs. at $2.98 to $5.

Have you seen the graceful fitting and tailor made suits arrived Saturday? If not don't fail to take a look. Prices range from $15 to $50.

200 ladies' coats arrived. All the latest patterns in cloths and stoles, range from $5.95 to $30.

The new kid gloves.
The new underwear and hosiery.
The new ribbons, laces and corsets.
The new furniture.
The new carpets and rugs.
The new dress goods and silks.
The new blankets, comforts, etc.

Every department as busy as can be.

DON'T FAIL TO ASK ABOUT THE FUR COATS SO POPULAR.

Ask to see the Chiffon finish Readona cloth just like broadcloth in finish 45 in. at $1.25. All colors.

A fine line of plaid dress goods for children's wear at 25c to $1.

3 pieces of fine chick Mohairs, 59c value, special 45c a yard.

BELL BROS.
The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House of Southwestern New York.

JEWEL
STEEL RANGES
The unequaled product of skill, experience and the best materials. Last a lifetime. Save fuel, worry and work. Easily operated and always reliable. You can depend on Jewels.
Quick Bakers
Perfect Cookers
and Fuel Savers
because they are built that way. Blue Planished Steel body, hand riveted tight with Cone-head rivets and interlined with asbestos. Roomy firebox, heavy sectional linings; Jewel Duplex Grate, reversible for wood, and perfect flue system which concentrates heat around square, high oven—quick results guaranteed. Dealer will gladly show you many other advantages which insure durability, fuel economy and make Jewels the best.
Over 3,800,000 Jewels made and sold. Look for Trade-mark and name—Detroit Stove Works—Largest Stove Plant in the World.
For Sale by
JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES
DETROIT STOVE WORKS
LARGEST STOVE PLANT IN THE WORLD
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

H. C. WELLS
THE LEADING PHARMACIST
SMETHPORT, - PA.

O, pickling, pickling time is here,
The busiest time of all the year,
We'll furnish before old memories fade,
For pickles like your grandmother made;
Vinegar, sugar and spice,
Onions and peppers; very nice.

Heinz Distilled Pickling Vinegar	35c gal.
Heinz Best Cider Vinegar	25c gal.
Mixed Pickling Spices	5c pkg.

Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mustard and Pepper, Celery, Mustard Seed, Tumeric.

FRUIT JARS.

Wier Pottery Co.'s Pat. Stone Jars. Royal, Doolittle and Mason Glass Jars. Jar Rings, Caps and Tips for Mason Jars. COME AND SEE US.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Rochester Business Institute
A LEADER IN ITS FIELD.
Not a graduate of last year's class out of a position. Present enrolment much larger than that of last year. The managers are the authors of the leading series of commercial text-books. Registration on every Monday. Send for catalogue.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NEW FALL HATS

Green is very nifty and I have them in three shades. Everything new in headgear at

$1.00 1.50 3.00

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 20c 10 and 20c
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

Ask for free October Style Book. Orders for Fall and Winter Catalogues, now taken 10c each.

FALL AND WINTER MDSE.

Would like to call your attention to the fact that I have purchased my new line of fall merchandise while in New York, and it is now ready for your inspection.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
September 26, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of
TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES
were never so complete.
It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.
INVESTIGATE.
McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

We wish to call your attention this week to the very complete line of

CHILDR N'S AND INFANTS' COATS.

Caps and Leggins to match.

You should see them

Prices from $3.50 to $15.00.

Another shipment of the celebrated "Jamestown Goods" gives us a very complete line of pure goods for

SUITS, SKIRTS and JACKETS.

Don't fail to see these.

Don't forget our new line of Queen Quality Shoes.

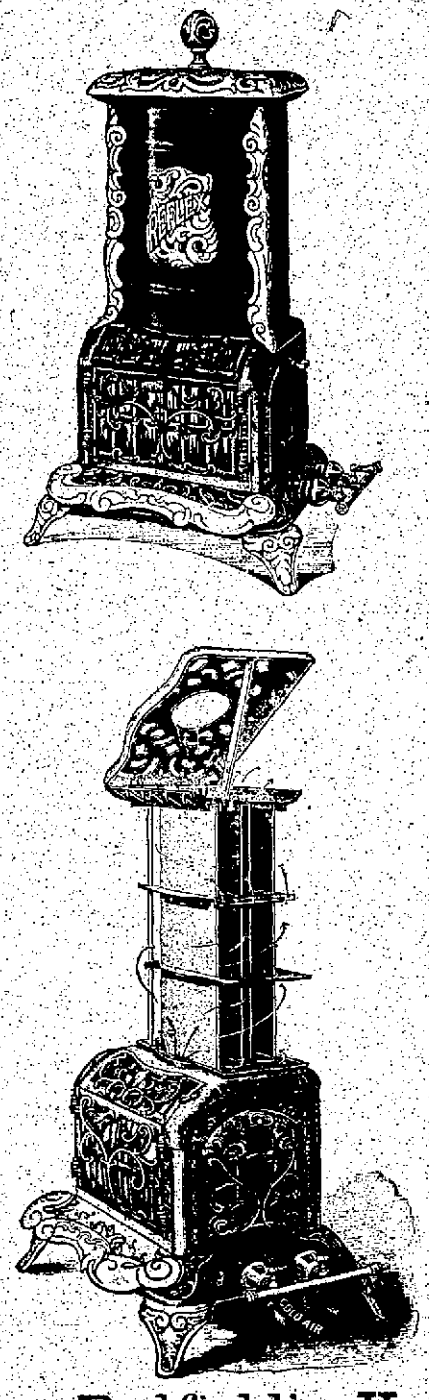
Don't be too late to get a good bargain.

Ladies' Neckwear by express to-day.

New Styles. See Them.

The Lindholm Co.

THE REFLEX.



The lower cut shows very plainly the special interior construction of the famous REFLEX Gas Heater. This construction points out both EFFICIENCY and ECONOMY. The very large area exposed for radiation is the strong and simple feature of the superiority of the REFLEX over all previously constructed gas heaters. Reference to the cut, showing sectional view of the heating drum, illustrates the long passages for hot air circulation, so constructed that a complete warming of the cold air from the floor is produced with a minimum consumption of gas. The large mica surface in the combustion chamber secures the greatest possible radiation from that section. The bottom of the stove is so made that heating the floor directly underneath to the point of danger is avoided.

The REFLEX is made in five sizes. We have all five in stock. We want you to see this line before buying a heater.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—First snow this morning.

—M. W. Heinlein has been granted a hotel liquor license.

—H. N. Prill, the Bradford jeweler, has a change of ad to-day.

—Hunters should be interested in the new ad of Holmes & Gilfillan.

—The Lindholm Company always has something of interest in their space and this week is no exception.

—Now that the cooler weather is here Redfield's Hardware is on hand with an enlarged stove ad. Read it.

—Over eight hundred tickets were sold to Smethport from stations on the Shawmut railroad last Thursday.

—The Bradford Athletic Club football team defeated the Dunkirk eleven on Sunday at Bradford by a score of 11 to 0.

—Dan Patch, the king of pacers, broke the world's record, held by him, at Lexington last Saturday by pacing a mile in 1:55¼.

—Remember the dance at the hose house to-night. A good time assured.

—Sheriff Chas. E. Mays, who has been confined to the house with illness for several weeks, was able to be out this week.

—Constable E. W. Jones and little daughter, Vera, are ill at their home on Church street, threatened with an attack of typhoid fever.

—The Arlington Hotel, J. H. Whitton, proprietor, Shingle House, was entered by burglars early Monday morning and $282 in cash secured.

—Preaching in the Union church, East Smethport, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Day's subject will be "Christ and the Toilers."

—The New York baseball team won the National League pennant with ease and Philadelphia captured the American League "rag" after a hard struggle.

—John Sanderson, a well-to-do resident of Eldred township, attempted suicide by drinking carbolic acid one day last week. His mind has been unbalanced for some time.

—Frank J. Collins, of Bradford, who is making an extended European trip, remembered this paper while at Madrid by sending a miniature copy of the title page of the official court paper, "Gracete de Madrid" on a souvenir postal card.

—Allen Gordnier has accepted a good position at Greenville and D. C. Rosenthal a position in New York City. Both are graduates of Warner's college at Bradford.

—A Venango county farmer spent $50 to raise six game chickens and one day recently when he visited the coop he found they had fought each other so viciously that it was necessary to kill them all.

—The Camp glass factory started operations yesterday under the Burns' scale with three shops running. Vacant places have been filled with apprentices. The outcome of this innovation is awaited with interest.

—Miss Emily Ellison Quinn and Mr. Scott McKeown were married at the home of the bride's mother yesterday morning. The parties are all residents of Washington, Pa., but were former McKean county residents and have many friends in this section.

—Thursday last a team of horses ran away on East Main street and the occupants of the buggy, William and Oliver Irons were thrown out and painfully injured. During their wild dash along the street the horses broke down an iron lamp post in front of Dr. F. C. Pierce's dwelling. The rig was considerably damaged.

—Twenty-nine children of this place went to Mt. Jewett Monday and were confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Fitzmaurice, Bishop of Erie, assisted by six priests, including Rev. Blake of Mt. Jewett, Rev. Cosgrove of Smethport and Rev. Doyle of Clermont. The class consisted of forty-seven children from the above named towns.

—In mentioning the several booths of the exhibition building in the fair article last week the booth of Holmes & Gilfillan was unintentionally skipped. Such errors will occasionally happen in all well regulated printing offices. This enterprising hardware firm had an attractive booth filled with stoves, phonographs, etc., and was admired by all who visited the building.

—The Elite Vaudeville Company appeared before a packed house at the Lyceum last Thursday evening under the auspices of the Smethport Hose company. The audience appeared to be well entertained, and each member of the company was forced to respond to numerous encores. Many of the Bradford people who were at the fair during the day remained over for the show, returning home on a special train.

—Victor Freer, a glassworker, who has been a resident of this place for the past three or four years, died at the County Home last Saturday afternoon after a long illness of consumption. He is survived by a wife and four children. The funeral was conducted from the Swedish Lutheran church, now used by St. Elizabeth's congregation, under the auspices of the Smethport glassworkers, and burial was made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—The Port Allegany High School and Smethport High School teams played an interesting game of baseball at Kane Field Tuesday, the final score being 10 to 9 in favor of Smethport. There was not a dull minute in the game and the rooters for both sides were very enthusiastic. Fleming and Mullin was the battery for Port and Sherburne, Glavin and Haley for Smethport. It is understood that a return game will soon be played at Port Allegany.

—T. H. Purtle received word last Friday from Washington, Pa., of the death of his brother, Frank. The first message that came stated that Frank Purtle was dangerously ill in the hospital at Wheeling, W. Va., and Mr. and Mrs. Purtle believed it was their son, Frank. Later another message came from Washington for Mr. Purtle and as he could not be found, Mrs. Purtle answered it. As the words "Frank Purtle is dead" came over the telephone Mrs. Purtle, still believing it to be her son, collapsed and even though it was soon learned that it was Mr. Purtle's brother the shock to her was so severe that she was seriously ill for several hours.

—After about three months of illness Mrs. Lizzie Alexander was relieved by death last Saturday at 2:30 p. m., aged 40 years and 10 months, the event occurring at the home of her children, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Young, on Main street. Beside one brother living in the South she leaves two daughters, Mrs. Young and Mrs. M. J. Norris. She was one of God's earnest, unassuming children, a member of the M. E. church in Wilmington, N. C., the home of her youth. A true friend, a kind neighbor and a loving mother her loss is most keenly felt in the hearts and homes where she was best known and lovingly revered. In the absence of her pastor, Rev. Dr. Willey, Rev. W. A. Bay of the Baptist church officiated at the obsequies last Monday afternoon, delivering a very consoling address. The M. E. choir was present and sang three very appropriate selections. Interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery. The afflicted ones have the heartfelt sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

These cold nights are just the time your horse needs a stable blanket. Ask your horse then see Holmes & Gilfillan about it.

Personal Mention.

W. P. Eckels of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Harry Wilson of Glassboro, N. J., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Minnie Schlabig has returned home from a visit at Buffalo.

J. J. Klingensmith has returned home from a few days visit at Eldred.

Misses May Choate and Hazel Hopper were Mt. Jewett visitors Tuesday.

Miss Lena Rounds of Eldred was the guest of Mrs. T. W. Sweeney last week.

Alex Clarke of Schnectady, N. Y., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clarke.

Mrs. Lee A. Gibson of Rochester is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp.

Mrs. R. C. Pickett of Warren, who has been visiting relatives in town, has returned home.

Chas. E. McCoy has returned to Ithaca, N. Y., to resume his studies in Cornell College.

Frank Bloemster and Vern Swanson of Kasson were pleasant callers at this office last Friday.

Mrs. H. C. Dugan, who has been visiting friends in town, has returned to her home in Clairton, Pa.

Miss Edith McGuire left last week for Washington, D. C., where she will attend Cheevey Chase College.

Misses Helen and Jeannette Rogers of Mt. Jewett are visiting at the home of their grandfather, H. M. Choate.

Mrs. John Summiersgill of Jeannette arrived in town this week for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Thumm.

Mrs. Agnes McIntyre and brother, Ed. Smith, who have been visiting at the home of George Gerritt, returned to their home in Kane Monday.

Died from Exposure.

A man named McGregor died at the County Home last Saturday afternoon from exposure. Word was received here Saturday morning that a man had been found in a dying condition at Clermont and County Superintendent Colegrove and Dr. W. A. Ostrander drove to that place and learned that the man had been found lying in a ditch in an unconscious condition. The night had been cold and the water in the ditch had frozen so solidly that the ice had to be broken around his body before the unfortunate man could be removed. He was taken to a shanty nearby where a large fire was built to warm him. Later in the day he was brought to the County Home and restoratives were given but all to no avail and he died within a short time without regaining consciousness. The body was shipped to Philadelphia Monday. As near as can be learned McGregor had lived in and around Clermont for a number of years but he had no relatives in this vicinity and nothing is known of his past life.

For Sale.

Four good business horses.—Four second hand open and top buggies. Good business wagon, one surrey. All bargains. A. T. PALMER,
Smethport, Pa.

New guns and Winchester ammunition at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

AT

MRS. M. L. BISETT'S

you will find the late styles in

FALL SHIRT WAISTS, NEW NECKWEAR

the latest things in

HAND BAGS

and many other correct novelties for Fall Wear.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett

THE CITY STORE.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

W. A. Grinard

Successor to Geo. L. Smith & Co

AUTOMOBILE & BICYCLE REPAIRING

Automobile Sundries
Nickel Plating
and Polishing.

257 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

NEW THINGS TO WEAR.

You're interested of course—every man, woman and child needs to replenish some part at least of his or her wardrobe for the cold weather that will soon be here.

There's something new coming most every day. Along with the latest fashion ideas we offer the best possible values and assortments that will scarcely be equalled hereabouts. Come—we would like to have you see what's here.

Waldorf Waists

Ever wear a "Waldorf" waist? If you have you'll be here without further remarks. They're the best fitting waist we ever had in the store and new ideas in get up are delightfully plentiful. The materials are mainly Nun's Veiling, Albatross and Silk.

Black, white and colors $2.00 to $5.75.

Silk Petticoats

There's a surprise in store for you here in a $5.00 Black Silk Petticoat. It's really worth a dollar more you'll admit. Then there are some others that will please you in black and colors at from $4.50 to $7.50.

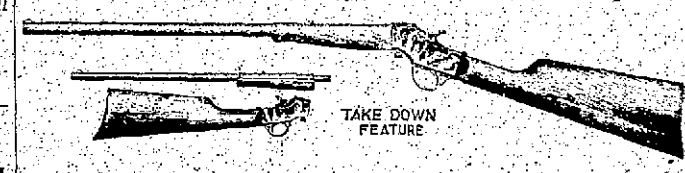
Furs

Fashion says every woman must wear furs this winter—good comfortable idea too. Don't put off buying until the best pieces are sold. We've a big lot about a hundred pieces but you know in a lot like this there are always some extra choice ones. Be first.

Jackets $25.00 to $50.00.
Scarfs $2.00 to $30.00.
Muffs $1.50 to $7.50.

FRY & COMES.

GUNS



As the Hunting Season is now open you will need a good gun either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester Shells.

See our stock before going elsewhere.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

Watch Repairing
Diamond Mounting
and Engraving.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

SATURDAY .....TO MONDAY

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1905, by A. M. Davies Ogden

Pretty little Mrs. Ferris looked up from the yellow paper she held to stare at her husband in a dismay that was almost tragic.

"Whatever in the world am I to do?" she demanded. "You know when Marion landed on Thursday I wrote her that she simply must come to us for Sunday, and now here's a telegram from Harris Rogers saying that he will be out tonight too. Luckily they have not selected the same train. But what am I to do with them?"

Her husband, glancing abstractedly over his paper, wrinkled his brow.

"Well, what of it?" he asked. "Did not you want some man for Marion?"

"Of course," impatiently. "I did ask Dick Hereford, but he couldn't come. However, Harry Rogers is here, so I knew I could depend on him. He admires Marion tremendously. But Harry! Don't you realize that it is hardly six months since his engagement to Marion was broken off? It was just after that she went abroad."

Mr. Ferris whistled. "Oh, the deuce!" he ejaculated. "So it is, I forgot."

"Isn't it awful?" gasped his wife. "Of course I've always told Harris that all he ever had to do was just to telegraph that he was coming, but then I never could have imagined anything so terrible as this. And I don't know why the engagement was broken, and I don't care. I'm fond of them both. But how ever can I explain his coming to Marion? She'd always believe that I did it on purpose," despairingly. "She'll never forgive me."

Mr. Ferris, duly impressed by the gravity of the crisis, laid down his paper.

"I will tell you what we must do then," he began slowly. "We shall have to devote ourselves to them so thoroughly that they never will be left alone together for a moment. I will have Marion on my mind tonight, and you take Harris. Then tomorrow we can swing off so that it won't seem so apparent. That ought to work pretty well," he declared, brightening up. "And after all it's only for two evenings and a day."

Mrs. Ferris, resigning herself to the inevitable, essayed a smile.

"Well," she said stoically, "it's the best we can do. We'll try."

Dinner, however, was not a success. Despite the best efforts of host and hostess conversation languished and constraint was in the air. With the peculiar fatality that so often attends made to order talk the subjects touched upon were usually the most inopportune that could have been mentioned, ranging from unhappy marriage to divorce and from an excuse for inconstancy to a reason for deceit. "While in the hangman's house never speak of the rope," says a proverb. But some how the rope always will obtrude itself. By the time the four had returned to the drawing room Mrs. Ferris was in a state of nervous tension almost beyond endurance.

A quiet game of bridge somewhat restored her equanimity. Conversation over the card table was necessarily limited. And so the evening passed.

"But I could see that poor Marion was bored to death," admitted Mrs. Ferris to her husband when at last the guests were safely ensconced in their own rooms. "She hates cards. And as for me, I never knew whether I was playing spades or without. But what else was there to do? She was dreadfully upset when I told her Harris was coming. She flushed all up, though she tried to murmur something about please not minding. It seems she hasn't seen him since the day of their quarrel. So of course it was awkward for her. What shall we do all tomorrow?" distractedly. "And if it rains!"

But it did not rain. The sun climbing gayly over the tree tops, brought with him a perfect day of blue and gold. The morning was safely got through with at church, and after a leisurely stroll home it was time for luncheon. The Robinsons from across the road, the Burnhams from down the river and one or two others dropped in for the midday meal. Harry Robinson greeted Miss Trevor with unconcealed joy.

"I didn't know that you were in this country!" he exclaimed. The girl laughed.

"I am going home tomorrow," she explained, "but Mrs. Ferris wouldn't hear of my leaving without giving her a day first. And so here I am."

"And so the gods are kind," supplemented young Robinson. "I say, don't you want to come out on the river with me? It would be heavenly and cool. Do come," urgently.

"Now?" asked the girl doubtfully. She glanced about the table. Luncheon was nearly over, and the men had begun to pull comfortably at their pipes and cigarettes. Harris Rogers, an eager light in his brown eyes, was leaning forward talking earnestly to Muriel Heath, who smilingly, and daintily in the freshest of muslins regarded him with an amused smile. Miss Trevor's mouth tightened. Then she turned to Robinson.

"Come along," she said quickly. "I'd love to."

Mrs. Ferris, watching their departure, drew a deep breath of relief. That disposed of Marion for awhile at least. And when, after the other guests had taken their leave, Harris announced his intention of taking a brisk walk Mrs. Ferris' spirits leaped upward. She and Bob could save part of their day. Catching up a trowel, she hastened into the garden after her husband. Their Sundays were very precious to them.

It was late when they re-entered the house. Mrs. Ferris, her hands all grubby despite the gardening gloves she essayed to wear and which usually reposed on the nearest bush, fled upstairs to make a hasty toilet. On passing she cast a glance about the girl's room. Empty! Downstairs the front door slammed. Then again it opened and shut. Mrs. Ferris, feeling very guilty, scrambled wildly into her frock. How fearful to leave those two alone! Had Marion not been off rowing with young Robinson they would all have gone for a drive together and there would have been no such contretemps. But now, absorbed in her garden, she had quite forgotten her responsibilities as hostess.

Still a little breathless from her haste, she flew down the stairs. Then, arrested by the sound of voices in the drawing room, Mrs. Ferris stopped suddenly.

They were talking, actually talking in there. She paused involuntarily.

"And this is positively the very first chance I've had to speak a word to you," complained a voice, unmistakably belonging to Harris. "Last night playing cards and church this morning. And then to sneak off this afternoon with that Robinson cad."

"Well, you seemed perfectly content with Muriel Heath," came a spirited response. "I didn't care anything about Harry Robinson," earlier variety.

"And I'm sure that I don't care anything about Muriel Heath," was the retort. "She was only saying what a fluffy girl you were and how much she admired you. I could hardly disagree with her"—in an aggrieved tone. "Come, now, Marion"—the voice changed abruptly—"haven't we been foolish long enough?"

"Well," said the girl reluctantly.

Mrs. Ferris, uttering a little gasp, caught at the drawing room curtains. There, his arm about the girl's waist, her eyes looking happily up into his, stood Harris and Marion, the two that Mrs. Ferris and Bob had worked so faithfully to keep apart. At sight of her both started and flushed guiltily. But Mrs. Ferris, a sudden sparkle of comprehension dawning in her great gray eyes, stepped forward.

"Marion!" she demanded. "Marion, did you know—did you guess—that Harris"—

The girl, over whose face the rosy waves of color were flooding, tried to steady her traitorous lips.

"Well, I—I didn't know whether he would come or not," she confessed, "but—but I wrote that I would be here."

A Very Sick Boy.

Mark Twain on his last visit to his birthplace—Hannibal, Mo.—told to the school children a true story about a schoolboy.

"This boy," he said, "awoke one morning very ill. His groans alarmed the household. The doctor was sent for and came posthaste.

"'Well,' said the doctor as he entered the sickroom, 'what is the trouble?'

"'A pain in my side,' said the boy.

"'Any pain in the head?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is the right hand stiff?'

"'A little.'

"'How about the right foot?'

"'That's stiff too.'

"The doctor winked at the boy's mother.

"'Well,' he said, 'you're pretty sick, but you'll be able to go to school on Monday. Let me see, today is Saturday and'—

"'Is today Saturday?' said the boy in a vexed tone. 'I thought it was Friday.'

"Half an hour later the boy declared himself healed and got up. Then they packed him off to school, for it was Friday after all."—Philadelphia Record.

The Ghost Quit.

With the aid of the two candles which I lighted I discovered the grate in the wall near the head of the bed, and on examining it closely I perceived that there was a fire in it. The grate would have held quite a double handful of coal if carefully put on; the fire, which seemed to be flickering so feebly, had yet had the energy to draw all the warmth of the chamber up the chimney, and I stood shivering in the temperature of a subterranean dungeon. The place instantly gave evidence of being haunted, and the testimony of my nerves on this point was corroborated by the spectral play of the firelight on the ceiling when I blew out my candles. In the middle of the night I woke to the sense of something creeping with a rustling noise over the floor. I rejected the hypothesis of my bed curtain falling into place, though I remembered putting it back that I might have light to read myself drowsy. I knew at once that it was a ghost walking the night there, and walking hard. Suddenly it ceased, and I knew why. It had been frozen out.—W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

Excessive Water Drinking.

Dr. K. Beerwald of Berlin is opposed to the free drinking of water so often advised. He says: Excessive water drinking not only produces temporary disturbance, it also creates direct organic disorders. The heart and kidneys are particularly affected by the excess, and in these cases the vascular system is overcharged and the heart and kidneys overworked. Proof of such a condition is frequently seen in cases of slight injury. A man who suffers frequently from thirst bleeds easily, and we may well consider that excessive thirst is a sign that the amount of fluid in the body is not kept within bounds and that this condition must be remedied by opposing the feeling of thirst."

INSURANCE.
Life Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling; no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

SALUTING A SNEEZER

A CUSTOM THAT BELONGS TO EVERY NATION AND CLIME.

There Are Many and Varied Answers to the Question, Why Do We Do It? That Was Asked by Pliny Some Nineteen Centuries Ago.

"Why do we salute the sneezer?" asked Pliny nineteen centuries ago. We still ask the question, and one wonders if Pliny could collect so many ingenious replies as the men of the twentieth century furnish.

In Caxton's 1483 edition of "The Golden Legende" is an account of a pestilence in Rome in the time of Gregory the Great, from which many died suddenly. "In this manere, sometyme sneesying they deyed, so that when any persone was herd sneesyng, none they that were by said to hym, God helpe you, or Cryst helpe, and yet endureth the custome." As Pope Gregory reigned in the sixth century Pliny's query far antedates the explanation in "The Golden Legende."

In the Buddhist Scriptures, dating at least 250 B. C., it is related that Buddha, when preaching one day to his disciples, sneezed, whereupon all exclaimed: "May the Blessed Lord live! May the welcome one live!" thus seriously interrupting the discourse. Buddha said, "Tell me, when a person sneezes, if the bystanders say 'May you live,' will he live the longer or die the sooner for it?" "Certainly not, lord." So he forbade them to say it. But the people took offense because the priests did not thus salute them, and Buddha revoked his command.

The Talmudic tradition is that the custom dates from Jacob. Before his time man did not die of disease, but when his appointed time was come he sneezed once and was dead. Jacob petitioned for exemption from this law, and his prayer was granted on condition that among all nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you."

The Greeks traced the custom back to the myth of Prometheus, who made an image of clay and wished to give it life. From the sun he stole a needful of rays, and, hastening back to his statue, he placed the feed under its nostrils, producing a sneeze—a phenomenon he may at any time produce by standing in the sun. At this sign of life in his creation Prometheus ejaculated a blessing and a prayer for its preservation, and this response to a sneeze has been handed down through all generations.

Also in the story of the Shunamite child restored to life by the prophet Elisha do we find the idea that this convulsive effort of nature is the first sign of life. "The child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes." According to Scottish folklore, a newborn child is under the fairy spells until it sneezes. Aristotle mentions the practice of physicians who, when death seems near, give medicines to induce sneezing, hoping thereby to arouse the failing faculties. Aristotle seems to have given much attention to omens of sneezing. He says a sneeze on the right hand brings good fortune; on the left hand it betokens ill.

In the Odyssey, when Penelope calls on the absent Ulysses to punish wrong:

Telemachus then sneezed aloud.
The smiling queen the happy omen blessed.
"So may these impious fall by fate oppressed!"

St. Augustine records that when the ancients arose in the morning if they sneezed while putting on their shoes they immediately went back to bed again in order to get up more auspiciously and so escape misfortunes likely to occur during the day. If a Hindoo sneezes while performing his morning ablutions in the Ganges he touches his forehead, nose, chin and cheeks with the tips of his fingers and recommences his prayers from the very beginning. In Illinois sneezing is considered a good omen, a sign of returning health. Howell in 1659 said, "He that hath sneezed twice, turn him out of the hospital." Among the ancients if any one sneezed directly after dinner a dish was brought back and tasted to avert misfortune.

The custom of saluting belongs to every nation and clime. In Ethiopia when the king sneezed those about him saluted so loudly that they were heard and echoed through the whole city. In 1542 De Soto had an interview in Florida with a cacique who during conversation happened to sneeze. All his attendants bowed their heads, opened and closed their arms and saluted the prince with "May the sun guard you, shine on you, defend you, prosper you," and similar phrases. An Indian child's primer of 1803 says: "Being prompt in saluting any one who may sneeze and returning thanks to any who on such an occasion may have wished you well."

An epigram in the Greek anthology shows it was customary to say "God bless you." The ancient Romans said "Salve." The modern Roman of the lower class says, "Figli maschi" (May you have male children). The north Germans say, "Your good health;" in Vienna, "God be with you;" in Ireland the peasant says, "God bless your honor," "Long life to your honor." The Russian form is "To your good health" or "How do you do?" English folklore is full of rhymes about sneezing on certain days. In Devonshire they say: Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,
You'll enjoy your own true love everlasting.

This is but one of the many that are in use all over the land.

Fitting.

Miss Knirless—You've seen that best dress of mine. Now, I want to get a hat to go with it. What would you suggest? Miss Sharp—Why not get a slouch?—Philadelphia Press.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

How Their Claims Were Established in the Middle Ages.

A curious meeting was held in Lyons on Jan. 4, 1889. The royal commissioners solemnly sat in council to decide the question if lawyers and doctors could be regarded as gentlemen. It proved too hard a problem for the wise heads, and the doctors and lawyers themselves were summoned to prove their right to gentility. The matter was settled to the satisfaction of the professional parties.

In the middle ages of England legends went through the counties to examine into the claims of individuals to be called gentlemen. There is an extensive an interesting list of the qualified, and one reads today the shame of a certain Thomas Robbins who failed to establish his title and was writ among the grudge. Charles Answofe, a representative of one of the oldest families, is registered as "entitled to be styled a gentleman, although worth not more than £500."

Brooke, an old writer, has given the world his opinion of what constitutes a gentleman, and his definition has never been excelled:

"The character, or, rather, quality, of a gentleman does not in any degree depend on fashion or mode or state or opinion; neither does it change with customs, climates or ages. But, as the spirit of God alone can inspire it, so it is that quality of heart which is the same yesterday, today and forever."

Houses in Ceylon.

The natives of the interior of Ceylon finish walls and roof with a paste of slaked lime, gluten and alum, which glazes and is so durable that specimens three centuries old are now to be seen. In Sumatra the native women braid a coarse cloth of palm leaves for the edge and top of the roof. Many of the old Buddhist temples in India and Ceylon had roofs made out of cut stone blocks, bowed timber and split bamboo poles. Uneven planks—cut from the old and dead palm trees, seldom from living young trees—are much used in the Celebes and Philippines. Shark skins form the roofs for fishermen in the Andaman Islands.

Hustling the Clergy.

A western newspaper man once connected with a journal in Denver was one day in conversation with his chief when a clerical looking gentleman entered the office.

"Sir," said he gravely, "I intend next Sunday to preach a sermon upon football, and it has occurred to me that as an enterprising paper like yours would be pleased to have my manuscript. I have no doubt that any number of your readers would be glad to read it and"—

"All right, all right," interrupted the busy editor, "but you'll have to hustle it along. Get it in early—early, mind! Our sporting page is the first to close."—Harper's Weekly.

The Salt in the Ocean.

If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference. The ocean is prevented from freezing not so much by its salt as by its size and by its commotion. On account of its size large portions of it extend into warm climates at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast storehouse of heat. Its currents distribute much warm water among the cold.—St. Nicholas.

Wealth of Words.

"He talks very interestingly," said one girl.

"Yes," replied the other, "but in all the stories I ever read the man who used lovely language was always poor and struggling. It doesn't seem a good sign to me."—Washington Star.

An Angel Once.

"Does it create a furore in your family when you go home late?" asked Bjones of his friend De Smith.

"No; it creates a fury," was the suggestive answer.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

A Seventeenth Century Incident in the State of Maine.

In 1675 James Allans of York became afflicted with one of his neighbors, Henry Simpson, and determined to avenge himself upon two of Simpson's children, whose ages were six and nine years. In a solitary place four or five miles from the dwelling houses of the inhabitants he built of logs beside a ledge of perpendicular rocks a pen or pound several feet high, with walls inclined inward from bottom to top. After he had built this he decoyed the children into the woods under a pretense of searching for birds' nests and caused them to enter within the pound, where he left them confined to perish. The place has since been called the Devil's Invention.

The children were soon missed, and the alarmed inhabitants searched for them more than forty-eight hours. The boys, when aware of their wretched situation, made various attempts to get out, and at length, by digging away with their hands the surface of the earth underneath one of the bottom logs, effected their escape. They wandered in the woods three days, being at last attracted to the seashore by the noise of the surf, where they were found.

The depraved criminal was condemned to have thirty stripes well laid on, to pay the father of the children £5, the treasurer £10, besides fees and charges of the prison, and remain a close prisoner during the court's pleasure or till further order. The same month he reorganized before two of the judges, "constituted to send him, with twenty-one flags, out of the jurisdiction."

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—A. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Court's Clerk—A. E. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hasbery, Jas. McKean, A. A. Alsdorf, J. F. Rooney, James Berriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. G. Knapp, R. G. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. W. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. G. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Coryell, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—C. H. Lewis.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. EARNER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets the Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. C. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 184, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

L. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
E. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor; Class Meeting Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport.—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meet every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 11:25 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 8:20 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:45 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:05 a. m., New York 9:35 a. m., Baltimore 6:10 a. m., Washington 7:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

For Time Tables, rates and full information, apply to ticket agents.

J. R. WOOD, General Manager. J. W. PETERS, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows.

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) Connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:20 a. m.) Ridgway (arr. 10:30 a. m.) DuBois (arr. 10:40 a. m.) Reynoldsville (arr. 11:20 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:40 a. m.)

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:30 p. m.).

12:32 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:50 p. m.); St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:06 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:22 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 4:50 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive: 9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:32 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:55 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Coudersport & Port Allegany

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.52
6.45	5.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.02	3.06	10.05
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.35
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.22	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y., C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with D. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

THE

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Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

The Blow That Recoiled

By CHARLES A. JOHNSON

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There was small margin of difference between the two men, so far as eyes could see, and they threw off their coats and sprang each to his own canoe. Their paddles flashed in and out of the water, sending the frail crafts over the smooth surface of the lake at remarkable speed. Neither one gained appreciably on the other, though they were racing with intense rivalry.

As they had sat in front of their tent awaiting the arrival of the merry laughing party from across the lake, they had witnessed an accident which, even without the added incentive of rivalry, made each man strain his every nerve to reach the spot. The launch had struck on a rock beside the narrow channel and, careening suddenly on her side, had filled and gone down.

Harry Morton and Jim Carruthers were not men who could see women drown without drowning with them. But, as they paddled, each man's heart grew chill with the awful thought that the woman he loved was one of the struggling group, and they loved the same woman.

This love was born, as love sometimes is, in the idle time of a summer holiday. They had gone to the lake for rest, each man fancy free. Sworn comrades, they had even laughed at love and planned to live as they were, fond of the same things and looking for no deeper interest than they found in each other and in mutual pleasures.

But before the first week in camp was over Morton had developed a manifest undiscovered fondness for walking, and for hours at a time he was absent from camp. Carruthers had about the same time found himself to be devoted to canoeing, but neither of the men said much to the other about his newly discovered pastime. In truth, Morton sought a dryad whom he had seen in the woods as he paddled along the shore one morning; Carruthers pursued a vision of loveliness that had flashed past him in a canoe while he lay on the bank smoking his pipe.

HE STRUCK CARRUTHERS SUCH A BLOW THAT THE LATTER LET GO.

Their quest continued for days, each man thinking to achieve an encounter by seeking his enchantress where he had seen her once. But they did not find her until together they met her at an informal hop at the big hotel on the hill.

From that moment they were rivals, and each one knew it instinctively, though not a word was spoken. The old comradeship was as if it never had been. A woman had come between them, and neither man realized how bitter his jealousy was till they had leaped into their canoes to paddle to the rescue of that woman.

Mrs. Starleigh did not care which one should win Irene Campbell when she had undertaken to chaperon that young woman for the summer. She had vowed secretly, however, being a born matchmaker, to see her fair charge matrimonially disposed of before the season should end. Either one of the young men seemed desirable in her eyes, and she was willing to encourage both in the hope that one would succeed.

When, therefore, both men entreated her to bring a party of girls over to their camp for a picnic she understood and made the engagement readily.

The day had proved to be a perfect one, and the party started in the highest spirits. They were already waving salutes to their hosts when the crash came.

As the two men approached the spot Morton said: "We have our work cut out for us, Jim. The skipper seems to be able to take care of himself, though he's too frightened to help much. There are six women. You take the three to the right. I'll take the others. Better help them to the canoe and swim ashore with them separately. It isn't much of a swim if we can get to them in time. That point of land reaches out on the left within 200 yards." He indicated the narrow neck not far off.

Carruthers nodded with a satisfied look in his eyes. He had noted that Miss Campbell was among those on the right. Morton had seen it, too, but as his own canoe was on Carruthers' left he would not risk the few moments it would have taken to make a different arrangement.

"Make a jest of it," was all he said after outlining the plan. "If we laugh about it we may keep them from too great a panic." And again Carruthers nodded.

The two athletes plunged into the water with a merry whoop. When they neared the frightened women they were paddling feebly while they screamed, helping one another as best they could. None of them had disappeared, but they were perilously near sinking.

It was the work of a few moments to help four girls to the sides of the two canoes. Morton took Mrs. Starleigh in charge, while Carruthers started for the shore with Miss Campbell.

Morton was a little in the lead, and when he had landed his charge he turned for the return swim, but was horrified to see Carruthers on his back, struggling violently and clinging to Miss Campbell as if she were a life buoy.

He understood it immediately. Carruthers had been seized with a cramp and had lost his head.

"Loosen your hold or you'll both sink!" he shouted as he swam toward them, but Carruthers was past reasoning with.

There was only one thing to do. When he came within reach he struck Carruthers such a blow on the point of the jaw the latter was stunned and let go.

Then a few strokes carried Miss Campbell to land, and Morton turned back for his friend. Diving, he found him near the bottom and brought him also to shore. He put him in charge of the two women, who were hilarious and already recovering from their fright.

The rescue of the others was accomplished quickly, and the whole party, water soaked, but safe, were soon congratulating themselves and showering thanks on their rescuers.

Morton got his don's share of the praise, but he noticed with a pang that Miss Campbell was constrained and almost formal in what she said.

And when some weeks later he ventured to propose to her she said, with evident distress: "I am more sorry than I know how to say that you have asked me this question. I never can forget what you did for us all, but the horror of that blow you struck—neither can I forget that. It seemed like a murder."

So Morton knew his fate. That night, while they were smoking their last pipe he said to Carruthers: "Goodby, Jim. I'm off in the morning. You may never see me again, and if you don't, teach her to forgive me even if she can't forget the blow I struck my best friend to save the woman I loved."

Consideration Point.

An old boatman at a fashionable resort on the east coast of England was engaged by a party of ladies to row them to a local cave known as the Smugglers' Retreat.

After pulling away in silence for twenty minutes or so the old man suddenly ceased rowing at a spot not fifty yards from the cave.

"Now, ladies," he remarked calmly, "we've reached Consideration point."

"Consideration point!" echoed the spokeswoman of the party. "What a peculiar name! Why Consideration point?"

"Well, it's just this way, mum," explained the cunning old fellow. "There," pointing to the cave, "is the cave; here's the boat. Between the cave an' the boat there's a lot o' nasty sunken rocks, an' this is Consideration point, 'cos parties allus stops here to consider whether they'll go the long an' safe way round for 18 pence or trust to luck an' them theer rocks for a shillin'!"

The ladies didn't know that "them theer rocks" were purely imaginary, and 18 pence was the fare agreed upon.—London Queen.

His Detailed Report.

When it was first arranged to have postmasters send in quarterly reports many queer documents were received. One, which is still on file in the post office department, came from the little town of Waterford, Ill., and is as follows:

July the 9 1855. Muster Jimes Buchanan, president of United States—Dear Sur: Bein required by the instructions of the post office to report quarterly, I now imbrii that pleasin duty by reportin as follows. The Harvestin has been goin on pretty well and most of the nabors have got their cattin about dun, wheet is hardly an average crop, or rollin Jans corn is yellowish and wont cut more than ten or fifteen boosbils to the akir and the helth of the comitis is only tolerbly meerils and celery hav broke out in about 2 and a half miles of hear thair are a powerful awaken on the subjes of religin in the potts naburhood and more souls hav been made to know thur sins forgivin miss nancy Smith a neer nabur had twins day before yesterday and one of them is a poor scraggy thing and wont live half its days this is about all I know and have to report this quarter give my respects to Mrs. Buchann and subscrib myself your Trooly, Abamil Jenkins.

High Time.

Every one knows that nerves are delicate things, easily disturbed and difficult to keep in order. Mr. Underfoot, loyal husband that he was, had learned this lesson.

"Yes, the doctor said Jenny ought to have a change of air, and she's gone to a kind of a rest cure place for awhile," said Mr. Underfoot to one of his old friends, while his gaze was carefully fixed on the distant landscape.

"Tired out?" inquired the friend.

"No," said Mr. Underfoot slowly, "she wasn't tired out, for she hadn't done anything to tire her. But she was always kind of high strung, and toward the last of it she got real nervous. One day I just happened to inquire what time dinner was to be, for it had varied about two hours one way or another, and she was making molasses gingerbread, and my asking that question upset her nerves so that she poured the batter right over me before I could move off. So next day she went to the rest cure."

AN ALPINE TRAGEDY.

Thrilling Story of a Fall Down the Matterhorn.

"One of the most thrilling stories in Alpine history is that of Mr. Slogget's fall on the Matterhorn," writes Aubrey Le Blond. "With two Zermatt guides—Alexis Perrey and Augustin Gentil—he had made a quick ascent of the mountain and was a long way down on the return journey. At one spot it is necessary to cross a couloir, or gully of snow and ice, and down this channel fall most of the stones that detach themselves from the shattered face of the peak. The leading guide, Perrey, was making his way over when a stone, dropping from a considerable height, struck him full on the head and instantly killed him. The two others, attached by their rope to his dead body, were unable in their precarious foothold to resist the shock and were hurled, fatally swept away down the couloir at terrific speed. Their axes were torn from their grasp, and Gentil, who never lost consciousness, was convinced that death must await them at the end of that awful journey, but his man of iron nerve kept his presence of mind and showed what a stout heart and a keen intelligence can do even in the most desperate situation.

"About 500 feet below the spot where the party were carried off a small bergschrund or crevasse ran across the ice slope which forms the base of the Matterhorn on its eastern side. This crevasse is not always open—in fact, in October, 1865, when I went on to the mountain to photograph the scene of this accident, it did not exist at all. Beneath it are ice cliffs, and any one shooting the crevasse and falling over these would have a sheer drop which must prove nearly fatal. But in Mr. Slogget's case the crack was several feet wide and into it the two still living men fell, their dead companion were precipitated. The chasm was partly filled with stones and sand, and Mr. Slogget fell core down. Gentinetta, though terribly bruised, without an instant's delay seized the helpless form of his employer, pulled him out of the position in which he lay, almost suffocating, and cleared the sand out of his throat and eyes.

"His jaw was broken, and his bruises were even worse than those of Gentinetta, but no other bones were broken. The disaster was already bad enough, but at any instant an even more terrible catastrophe threatened the two poor wounded men in the crevasse. The couloir was, as I have said, a natural channel for falling stones, and it was just the hottest hour of the day, when the sun was thawing fast and loosening from its fetters the missiles it had earlier held fast in ice to the mountain. It was imperative to lose no time in waiting for assistance from the other parties who were on the Matterhorn. So the guide and the Englishman, without axes, bruised, shaken and weak, started on the desperate task of climbing back up that glassy, blood stained wall, a task hard enough even for an uninjured and fully equipped party.

"How it was accomplished Gentinetta declares he does not know, but by an extraordinary display of pluck and skill the two at length reached their old tracks and gained a place of safety. Assistance was now at hand, and with the help of the other parties the wounded men eventually arrived at the Schwarze hotel. Though laid up for many weeks after, both in the end made an excellent recovery. Poor Furrer's body was with much difficulty brought down next day from the crevasse."

A Ruse of War.

It is not always policy to acknowledge a defeat. A little coolness at the critical moment sometimes saves the day, as in the case described in Mr. Ripley's "Story of Company F." In a close encounter during the civil war two soldiers, one from each army, came face to face within short range.

Each put up his gun and fired, as it subsequently appeared, his last cartridge. Both missed. The bullet of one man buried itself in a tree, and the shot of the other passed through the coat of his enemy. Each man, knowing his ammunition was gone, supposed himself to be at a disadvantage.

One of them made a great show of reloading his gun, and, stepping forward, demanded a surrender. The other threw down his arms with a groan.

"If I had another cartridge, I would never surrender!" he exclaimed.

"That's all right," calmly remarked the captor, marching off his prisoner. "If I had another, you may be sure I shouldn't have asked you to surrender."

Honeymoon Trips to Avoid.

"There are two pieces of advice I'd like to give about honeymoons," said the man who has had two of them. "One of them is, never go on a long sea voyage with your new wife. The other is, never take a long automobile trip with her. I've tried both, and both have been miserable failures. I would not be guilty of such an unchivalrous comment had both of my wives not agreed with me in both instances. Just think of having knocked down all the barriers of conventionality which practically shielded you during the courtship to find yourself for eight or ten days in such close companionship with your better half as is offered on an automobile honeymoon! It's awful when you think of it. When I was on my last honeymoon, which was the automobile one, we were only three days on the road when I was reminded of the man who turned to his wife during their honeymoon and said, 'Don't you wish some friend would come along?' 'Oh, yes, dear,' she sighed, 'or an enemy even!'"—Philadelphia Record.

Opportunity's Bald Head

By MARGARET RICHARDS

Copyright, 1905, by E. A. Wheeler.

With a weary little sigh Margaret Hastings pushed the clog closely with her fingers. It was all use. The clock would not go.

Forsythe Smith now she had written stories, clever, incisive little things which, if fate so easily could have forgiven her, she had let upon regarding them as an unfortunate diversion. She was in a worse of be than she would be stranded in Paris without money or friends.

But today, as she put her book behind her and sat with folded hands patient in contact to the inevitable, she found herself in a peculiar mood. The story was at a standstill. At this point it had progressed smoothly enough. After a brief exchange of the kind peculiar to young authors the hero had boarded an express at San Francisco. The heroine, a victim of adverse and equally satisfying misfortunes, had unwittingly taken this same express at Denver. What the result would be was obvious, but it was right here that the hero failed to rise to the occasion with his customary alacrity.

"It all sounds so out of place, somehow, on a train," murmured the fair author, wrinkling her pretty forehead perplexedly. "He could not act in the usual way," she continued reminiscently, as various pictures of moonlit porches and palm sheltered corners flitted across her memory. "It is a situation that would have to work itself out." A sudden thought stained the white skin scarlet. "Oh, no, I never could do that," she whispered, while the soft breeze fanned her hot cheeks. "But it would only be in the interest of art," insinuated the tempter. "Artists must sacrifice themselves to their work." And John Sherwood's doom was sealed.

* * * * * * *

Short, sharp puffs of escaping steam, a jolt, a faint vibration, and the New York train steamed slowly out of Ardsley-on-Hudson.

All unaware that he was but a pawn in his fair lady's game, John Sherwood leaned forward in his seat and regarded her with wondering, delighted eyes. This sudden graciousness, this unexplainable nervousness, the flushed, half averted face, bore but one interpretation to his eager lover's heart. She was [illegible] dear to him, this slender, capricious maiden; how dear he had never before quite dared to say, but now—

They had found seats on the river side. The setting sun shot a quivering expanse of fire across the water and crowned the opposite mountains with soft golden light. She made mental note of the yellow splendor. Of course there was no river in her story, but western mountain ridges bathed in sunset glory would be a fitting background for her hero's impassioned appeal.

John leaned toward her. "Margaret," he said impulsively, "did you ever hear why Opportunity is supposed to have a bald head?"

She turned her head with a resentful little gesture. He was beginning badly. No bald head, even that of Opportunity, had a place in her picture of youth and shifting golden lights and passionate appeal; then, remembering her role of heroine, she nodded with a forced little smile.

With a faint, grinding protest the train stopped at Dobbs' Ferry. A girl with two small children in tow entered the car; behind her trailed a woman in somber widow's weeds. Margaret rejected the children as being too sticky, but the sunset, the widow's garb of woe in sharp contrast to the hero's impassioned declaration—

"Because Opportunity's head is bald," went on John's dogged voice, "no one can grab him from behind—after he has passed, you know—but in front his hair is long"—

"Oh!" she cried faintly. "Would he never have done with that head?" All her artistic sense arose in mute rebellion. Even the dimple in her chin retreated in sweet disdain.

"Hastings!" shouted the conductor. The train slowed down gently—stopped—puffed slowly on again. John, too deep in his struggle with Opportunity to heed the signs of gathering storm on his fair lady's face, rushed on to his impending doom.

"— is long," he repeated, "so the only way to get hold of him is to grab him when you meet him."

Absence of the sweet gracionsness of an hour ago in the fair face beside him warned him of the fatal futility of his words, but he blundered on, red and embarrassed, to his unhappy end. "And so—this—today—being with you—is my opportunity—and I want to grasp it—and you," he finished hoarsely.

"Yonkers! All aboard! Next stop One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street!" With short, [illegible] of the [illegible] engine prepared for its quick run into New York.

She looked dreamily out of the window. The golden light had faded, like her errant fancy, and the palisades stretched blue gray in the gathering dusk. She was tired of it all—of John, her stories—everything! His words had stirred faint, dreamlike possibilities in her heart, but that she did not know.

"I suppose I've made a mess in saying it," he went on, embarrassment and passionate determination struggling together in his voice, "but I"—

She turned to him in a little gust of indignation. "Yes, you have made a mess of it," she whispered hotly. "You might have done it differently. You have spoiled it all—my story—everything." She sat erect and ruthless; a rising sob shook her voice, but she proudly choked it back.

With a desperate, wistful hope that he had not heard right, John looked speechlessly at her flushed, indignant face. She could not have meant it all—she would turn and explain away his doubts in her pretty, imperious fashion—and then he slowly realized that her silence answered him.

Riverdale, Spuyten Duyvil, King's Bridge glided swiftly by. Morris Heights, Alder Bridge, Undecided, Seventy-fifth street slipped the brake man grievously. An aged man, entering slowly, took the seat beside the young couple and seated himself in front of them. He arranged the blind to his satisfaction, folded his spectacles, took out a newspaper, and, laying his hat on the seat beside him, leaned back in his corner with a long drawn sigh of comfort. Except for one long wisp of white hair in front his head was absolutely bald.

A smile suddenly crept into Margaret's eyes, the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively, the dimple in her chin displayed itself in sudden sympathy; she glanced swiftly at her companion. Then the smile on her lips died away and her heart stood still.

He was evidently hurt to the quick. His face—John's laughing face—was grim and stern; his mouth was one straight, unforgiving line. She had broken his heart. Not that alone, but he knew now just how unworthy she was of his great, honest love. Hot tears stung her eyes; she was nothing to him now—nothing to John—and she had thought she did not love him.

"Oh, John, I do! I do!" she whispered brokenly.

He turned, bewildered, to a sweet, flushed face, raised timidly to his; to blue eyes, wet with unshed tears, but full of tender light, that met his bravely, and in that long glance the veil of misunderstanding between them melted away.

In low whispers—her slim, gloved hand held tight in his—she told him all her foolish, wayward fancy; but when she begged him humbly to forgive her, he stopped her with quick, loving words. "My sweetheart—my precious sweetheart," he said softly, his low voice hardly audible above the rumbling of the train. "Do you not understand? I love you—that's enough. It seems to me I have always loved you, but I did not dare hope for you—until today—and now"—

The lights of the great city flared in the sky as the train glided smoothly into the Grand Central station. Under cover of the confusion he bent and pressed his lips lightly to her gloved fingers, then regarded her with radiant, triumphant eyes.

The old gentleman in front carefully covered the head so like Opportunity's own and beamed on them in parting benediction. Margaret flashed him an answering smile. "You are eloquent enough now, at all events," she said with sudden mischief.

"I admit that I was pretty bad," he laughed, "but don't you think that for a heroine you yourself were rather"—

"You see, he wasn't bald after all," she interrupted irrelevantly.

The Women of the Cromwell Family.

It reads like one of "life's little frolics" that Oliver's wife and eldest daughter should actually take a journey to Hampton court to be presented to his majesty the king. Tradition declares that later on, when the shadow of a death such as had befallen no other English monarch loomed darkly over that same king, Elizabeth pleaded for his life. It may very well have been so. The protector's wife and mother would willingly have had fewer honors and more security. The latter, whom he had brought up to Whitehall to be near him, was wont to exclaim at every gun she heard fired, "My son is dead!"

It was in that son's arms that the venerable dame expired at the age of ninety-four, desiring him to bury her in some quiet cemetery and by no means in Westminster abbey. But Oliver would have it otherwise, and to that royal sepulcher the remains of Elizabeth were borne with all the pomp that befitted the obsequies of a queen. Also, poor woman, she was not permitted to rest in peace. With the restoration came a royal mandate for the casting forth of certain bodies whose unauthorized dust might not mingle with that of England's highest. Twenty-one corpses were exhumed and thrown into a pit. The mother of Oliver Cromwell does indeed sleep beneath the shadow of historic Westminster, but it is in a dishonored grave.—London Queen.

Bullet Hole Bibles.

In the curio dealer's private office lay a half dozen shabby pocket Bibles, each pierced two-thirds through with a round hole, like a bullet hole.

"They are bullet holes," said the dealer. "I know they are because I made them myself."

He gave a loud laugh.

"A good many of my rich patrons," he said, "like to have among their heirlooms Bibles that have saved some soldier ancestor's life."

He winked.

"If you are a Son of the Revolution," he said, "what a nice thing it is to take down one of these perforated Bibles from a shelf in the library and hand it to your guest, saying:

"'This Bible saved the life of my maternal sixty-third cousin, Colonel Adoniram McGill, in the night attack upon the British led by General Jones at Bear creek on the 3d day of August, and so forth, and so on.'

"Yes," said the dealer, "I sell a good many of these Bibles to people with ancestors. To own such things is one of the fads and fancies of the smart set."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

Those Who Are Ambitious to Be Useful Rather Than Rich.

A young man of ability and great promise recently refused to enter a vocation which would yield him a large income, lest the temptation to become rich might cut up his life to help his fellow men. He feared that the frenzied struggle for wealth and self being urged by the majority of men with whom his position would force him to associate would gradually draw him into the same vortex of selfishness. He felt that his ideals would become warped, that his aspirations would be stunted in such an atmosphere, and so he chose a vocation which would enable him to render the greatest service to humanity.

It is a refreshing thing in a material age to see people who are ambitious to be useful rather than rich, who are more eager to help others than to make money. These are nature's noblemen; they are the characters which enrich life and which have pushed civilization up from the savage to the Florence Nightingales and the Lincolns.

One of the most promising things about our civilization today is that, side by side with the greed for gold, is the ever growing passion of humanity for good. The number of people who prefer to be useful to their fellow men rather than to make money is constantly increasing. This passion for good is the salt of humanity. It is what makes us believe in the future of the race.—Success.

ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

Defined as a Disease That Afflicts Amateurs.

Gilbert K. Chesterton's "Heretics" contains some of his keenest and most amusing writing. Of great men he observes: "The first rate great man is equal with other men like Shakespeare. The second rate great man is on his knees to other men, like Whitman. The third rate great man is superior to other men, like Whistler." In the following there may be discovered as much truth as humor:

"The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. It is a disease which arises from men not having sufficient power of expression to utter and get rid of the element of art in their being. It is healthful to every sane man to utter the art within him; it is essential to every sane man to get rid of the art within him at all costs. Artists of a large and wholesome vitality get rid of their art easily, but in artists of less force the thing becomes a pressure and produces a definite pain, which is called the artistic temperament. Thus very great artists are able to be ordinary men like Shakespeare or Browning. There are many real tragedies of the artistic temperament, tragedies of vanity or violence or fear, but the great tragedy of the artistic temperament is that it cannot produce any art.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

An Ancient Custom That Once Had a Rude Interruption.

In the year 992, according to old custom, all the brides for the year at Venice assembled on St. Mary's eve at the cathedral, taking with them their dowries in small chests. There they awaited their bridegrooms, who followed them, and after mass they were married and received the bishop's blessing.

In this year the sea rovers of Triest burst in upon the expectant maidens, who were all dressed in white, with hair loosely flowing and interwoven with threads of gold, carried them off to their barks and hoisted sail.

The doge of Venice summoned his men to arms, pursued the rovers, overtook them in a creek still known as the Port of the Damsels and brought the brides back in triumph.

In memory of this event a solemn procession of twelve young women took place yearly, and the Marian games were observed with great splendor until the year 1379, when they were discontinued in a time of disastrous war.—London Standard.

Jefferson Identified Him.

Laurence Hutton, the author, once stopped at the Touraine hotel in Boston on his way from Bar Harbor to New York, and, being short of funds after his summer outing, the hotel clerk required identification before assigning him a suit of rooms.

Mr. Hutton looked around the lobby and noticed Joe Jefferson, to whom he confided his predicament. Mr. Jefferson went to the desk and, slapping Mr. Hutton on the back, remarked to the clerk, "I don't know who Laurence claims to be, but he's the boy." He was given the pick of the house.

Somewhat Different.

"This question whether a word should have its adverbial or its adjective form seems to me to have little to do with the sense. Now, what is the difference between talking loud and talking loudly?"

"No difference," replied the pedagogical friend. "But look here: For a large fee you give legal advice freely; but you don't give it free. I think that will retain you for awhile."

A Noncombatant.

"I didn't know you were in the choir. What's your position there?"

"Neutral."

"How do you mean?"

"I don't side with either faction."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Escaped His Memory.

Mr. Selfmade—Why do they call it an alma mater, my son? The Graduate—Why—er—the fact is, I can't remember what they taught us about that.—New York Press.

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TURNING THE TABLE

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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In the beginning Greta had dreamed of romantic love and army or navy officers. That was while her father lived. When he died, failing to leave either her mother or her a red copper—nothing but the big mansion with the enormous mortgage on it—Greta, prompted by her mother, was ready to marry anything eligible, provided there was a good, substantial bank account.

As far as his physical appearance went John Selwyn did fairly well. He was deep chested and broad shouldered and a handsome medium height. His chin was firm, his mouth was sensitive and his eyes were dark and quiet. In his practical things in the financial world, in affairs with stock markets he was astute. In the arena of more circumscribed things society with a capital S and the infinite trifles that make up form and manners in that realm he humbly acknowledged that he was out of place.

As for Greta Weston—well, the young creature who in God permitted Hell to call wife was to John a being from a world he had never known. She was rather a pretty girl and cultured, but to him she was fairer than lilies, sweeter than roses, more precious than all rare gems. Her lovely, dolicate face was to him the face of an angel, and his love for her was a mute idolatry. In all his life, not even on the door old New England farm, had he known anything like it.

When John paid off the mortgage and settled a princely few hundred thousands on Greta, Mrs. Weston saw no reason why the patrician feelings of herself and daughter should longer be repressed.

"If I may make a suggestion," she remarked hitherto one morning at breakfast, the morning following a dinner at which John's ignorance of table etiquette had marked him as an ignoramus, "a kind of skimmed milk night is the right cream, when you have made a success it is customary to lay your napkin and look on your plate while you—"

"So sorry, I'm not used to napkins at breakfast," John said humbly.

"Oh, we know that," observed Mrs. Weston lofty, "but we'll do what we can to polish you, at least to save you from being ridiculous." And then, with his permission, she began to point out to him his remissnesses of the night before. For example, it appeared that he had offered the wrong arm to the lady whom he took in to dinner; he had shaken hands when he should not and failed to shake when he should; he hadn't taken the right seat in the carriage; he hadn't risen when the ladies left the table. In fact, he had been a bull in the china shop from beginning to last.

"Give me a little time, dear," he said to Greta a little sadly, completely ignoring her mother—"just a little time—and I'll promise you won't be ashamed of me."

If during this scene the man appeared undignified and weak it must be remembered that he was idolatrously in love with his wife. But that very idolatry showed him in other ways, for love is a famous school mistress. He had mastered big, practical problems in life, and he was quite confident that he could conquer these smaller ones.

Pathetically enough, however, his every day improvement passed all unnoticed in the eyes of his young wife. She grew prettier and prettier, her cheeks more exquisitely pink, her eyes brighter. But likewise she grew more and more capricious and manifested increased annoyance at his presence. At first he wondered helplessly. Little by little the scales began to fall from his eyes.

There was a copy of Sichel's "Madonna and Child" which hung directly over the hall mantel. John had bought the picture because he fancied the Madonna resembled Greta. One evening, following his wife into dinner, the fancied likeness struck him with renewed force—she was so richly colored and beautiful! Absentmindedly he stepped on her train and ripped the waist seam over so slightly. She turned on him coldly enough, when he apologized, with a sneering look of her contempt—"How you seem to keep on tripping me up, always!"

"I was a little impatient, dear. I would not get angry," he remonstrated sorrowfully at heart very sorry and very much annoyed at himself.

"Don't call me impatient!" she flashed back. "I despise you! I might as well tell you first as last! I"—

"Greta, Greta!" cried Mrs. Weston warningly. But Greta, for the first time in her life, was beyond the control of expediency.

"I can't bear you! I never, never, never loved you, and now—I can't even breathe where you are! Oh, if I could never see you again, if I could never see you again!" She began to cry and sob violently, and her mother led her upstairs.

When Mrs. Weston came down a half hour later the dinner table, brilliantly lighted, gleaming with damask and silver, was still untouched. John, who sat bowed in surprise and crushed grief, slowly raised his head. There was a pause. The thought that occurred to Mrs. Weston was that he was sitting while she was standing—a distinct violation of etiquette. As for him—well, he was thinking of other things. Bewilderedly he brushed away a heavy lock that had fallen over his forehead.

"She said"—he stopped, his voice was husky—"she said she'd never cared for me." He swallowed hard again. "Never—is that true?"

The woman was frightened. She felt the sudden iron of his will and was speechless.

"Answer me. Is it?" His command rang out like a pistol shot, and a dangerous gleam lay level in his eyes.

"Yes," she admitted, utterly thrown off her guard.

"At least," he said finally, and his voice sounded miles and miles away, "we have the truth at last. Now we may understand each other."

From that time on Greta was as completely paralyzed as if she had been the bisque she had seen on the drawing room cabinet. From being everything in the house she and her mother had suddenly become nothing. It was almost as if they were remaining there like the mass on two weeks' notice.

One morning they told him that his wife was asking for him. They led him into a cool, dim room. When he became accustomed to the half light he saw that Greta, the pink rose, had turned to an exquisite white lily. He spoke to her gently, considerately, as the physician had bade him, but as to feelings had for she herself killed it?

But all the dammed up love in the man's nature went immediately out to the human bride in those ministrations and hope which the nurse held on a pillow for his inspection.

John's second heir grew and thrived daily. Never the first time since his marriage was he so engrossed with a theme for John, and God existed after all. The father directed his household with the power and the superb indifference of a king, and the women folk were treated almost as equals. Mr. John Selwyn, a man of affairs to be reckoned with, well dressed, well mannered, polished in speech, went to his offices every morning. In the afternoons he drove out with his son and his now heirs son's hands dashed his son's arrogantly cut horses.

From the moment of her child's birth Greta had felt a tenderness toward John—the tenderness of a wife who has borne a male a son. Now she was beginning to feel other things. She smiled as she remembered her irritation at his social dereliction, his old time lack of etiquette which had seemed to her a hopeless stumbling block in the way of mutual happiness. But now—even if he hadn't mastered those deficiencies, which obviously he had when were such trifling matters compared with the power to [illegible] the realities of [illegible]. And how he was in all [illegible]

[illegible] he asked ingenuously [illegible] he decided, and with out [illegible] Instantaneously

[illegible] you to [illegible] a sale."

[illegible] Ah! the woman who [illegible] the mother of my [illegible] could scarcely help but do [illegible]

[illegible] she cried, as one who really [illegible] "I don't mean that way. I want you to love me as you used to. Oh, just longing to have you come and kiss me when you don't have to, you know."

He stood precisely where he was, gazing the sobbing little figure for a long, long while in utter silence. First he measured her severely, then questioningly. Last of all, a sudden softness stole over him and swept him off his feet.

Without a word, but with eyes that [illegible] he crossed the room and [illegible] her tightly in his big arms. [illegible] refreshed their small [illegible] with delight.

A Managerial Doubt.

The new [illegible] of the country church was all ready, the pastor said, as was also a good Christian, and on the occasion of his first sermon he proceeded at its close to test the practical Christianity of his hearers.

"I should like to know," he said, glancing over the congregation, "how many women in this assembly have not spoken a harsh word to their husbands during the past four weeks."

There was a stir among the auditors, but no other indication that the shot had told.

"Indeed," he went on, "I am so anxious to know that I shall ask that all the women who have not done so rise to their feet and be counted."

He paused a moment and waited. Opposite far over in the corner, then another over here, and soon they had come to all over the house until there were at least fifty on the floor. The pastor counted them carefully. Then he said:

"Well, really, dear friends, I had no idea there were [illegible] love in this community."—London Tit-Bits.

A Troublesome Habit.

A certain fair, fastidious habit is liable to annoy the gentleman. Nothing will promptly estrange him sooner than a tendency to hurl the dishes, to rejoice in the unpleasant. A dog which always has his dinner on the mind and rarely looks up. The disposition in which we look indolently the life slim, and people who are always looking for something to criticise, for the crooked and the ugly, who are always suspicious, who invariably look at the worst side of others, are but giving the world a picture of themselves.

This disposition to see the worst instead of the best grows on one very rapidly until it ultimately strangles all that is beautiful and crushes out all that is good in himself. No matter how many times your confidence has been betrayed, do not allow yourself to sour, do not lose your faith in people. The bad are the exceptions. Most people are honest and true and mean to do what is right.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

His Insanity.

"Your honor," said the attorney, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that every one wants to rob him. He won't allow even me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Maybe he's not so crazy after all," murmured the court in a judicial whisper.—London Express.

Made It Emphatic.

"What's Maude crying about now?"

"Oh, she asked her husband if he would marry again in case she died, and he declared that he wouldn't."

"Well, nothing wrong about that."

"No; but you should have heard him say it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FIRST IN TIBET.

Adventures of Two Explorers Moorcroft and Hearsey.

In the year 1812 Tibet was entered by two explorers, Moorcroft and Hearsey, the first Englishmen to penetrate the forbidden land. Hearsey describes one of their experiences at Daba: "Afternoon at this day (July 4) Omar Sing sent word to us to come and pay our respects to the wazir's son in a council assembled with the lama and the son of the deba. We proceeded about 6 o'clock, attended by the pundit and three or four other servants, carrying the presents for these people. The presents consisted of three yards of superfine scarlet broadcloth, some sugar and spice, all arranged on a brass plate. We first entered a gate, over against which was fastened a large and handsome dog, something of the Newfoundland breed. We then had to stoop to enter another door, filthy enough, though abominable. We then proceeded [illegible] few steps of earth and stones, all broken. We turned to the right and entered a small antechamber, to the right of which was the women's room.

"A greasy, filthy purdah was then lifted up, and we entered the parlor. Here we found a clean mirzai, or coarse woolen carpet, spread for us in the center of the room. In front was a small seat, opposite to which our presents were placed. On the right sat the lama on a cushion; before him was placed a kind of tea poy (three legged table), on which were two wooden varnished plates, painted and gilt. There was also a fire pan. The old gentleman appeared about seventy years old, had a shrewd countenance, said very little and eyed us all the time. He was dressed in a coarse woolen red garment, the manufacture of the country, greasy and dirty in the extreme. This was the bishop of this see.

"He had another priest sitting to his right, more black, more filthy and more ugly than himself. Opposite to me sat the son of the deba, a dark, but sensible, though rather heavy looking person, aged about twenty-one or thirty. He had a paper in his hand at our entrance, as if in the act of writing. He was seated on a leather cushion stuffed with wool, over which was a carpet; before him was a sort of small table, on which were two of the wooden plates before mentioned, a china cup and saucer, a wooden pot and a spoon. To the right lay a long silver pipe. He was dressed in a red, long green and yellow striped woolen gown."

Very suspicious were the old priest and his fellows, though a letter from a neighboring seat of government explained to them that Moorcroft and Hearsey really were harmless pilgrims and not the dreaded Firingis and requested that they might be permitted to proceed. On the next day, however, matters were again somewhat complicated by the discovery that Hearsey wore half boots of the English pattern. When the natives discovered this they thought that something was surely wrong. Moorcroft, in his narrative, told of this incident with evident relish, he himself having taken the precaution of having turned up toes added to his own shoes.

Wealth of the Ancient Romans.

Some of the Romans seem to have been very wealthy, while others were cast to a degree not known nowadays. When Crassus was killed on the ides of March, Antony owed $1,733,000, which he paid before the kalends of April out of the public money and squandered, according to Adams, $28,000,000. Caesar himself, before he set out for Spain was in debt to the extent of $10,000,000. Lentulus possessed $16,145,830. Clodius, a freedman, saved $12,500,000. Augustus obtained from the testamentary disposition of his friends—some people will leave their fortunes to their sovereigns—no less than $101,458,330. Tiberius left at his death the enormous sum of $108,161,250, which Caligula is said to have squandered in a single year. Vespasian estimated at his accession that the money which the maintenance of the commonwealth required was $1,764,580,000.

The Whitest City in the World.

There cannot possibly be a whiter city than Cadiz unless it be built of snow. The best way I obtained of the port is to take a trip on one of the small steamers which ply between the ports of Morocco and Spain. As you near the coast you see in front of you a white mass, which appears to be floating upon the water, just as you may. The first thought of a foreigner is that he is in sight of an iceberg. The white glass, glittering in the sun and rendered more dazzling by the blue sea and sky, looks exactly like a monster ice mountain partly melted, so that outlines of rooftops and cliff appear upon it, but only for a second does the illusion last, for you know there are no icebergs in that part, and you are quickly informed that you are looking at Cadiz. No other town in the world presents such a magic appearance.

The Savage Ear.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is blank verse?"

"Blank verse, my son," answered the man of no literary pretensions, "is something that generally sounds as if it had been written by a man whose mind was a blank."—Washington Star.

Conservatism.

In Samuel Pepys' period a bill was brought into parliament "to restrain the excessive and superfluous use of coaches."—London Outlook.

A Caution.

Nell—Old Mr. Gotrox says he would die for me. Belle—Be careful. He may be stronger than he looks.—Philadelphia Record.

If you wish to please people you must begin by understanding them.—Reade.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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Newsy Newerf Items.

Chas. Phalon has let the moving of his barn on the Dunbar lot to Jabez Gallup of Burbank's Crossing. He is having it rebuilt between his blacksmith shop and livery barn.

Messrs. Mike McDade and Andy Lundquist drove to Port Allegany Tuesday.

Walter Hendrickson has vacated the farm house of F. Dunbar at Christian Hollow and has taken his family to Hazelhurst.

Miss Lydia Granrer, who is filling the vacancy of Miss Mildred Dunbar at the Clermont tile works, spent Sunday with her parents at their home at Christian Hollow.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Newton attended the F. M. conference at Emporium last week.

Messrs. Milo and Frank Oviatt of Norwich are hustling this fine weather after pinsang.

Crosby has one of the [illegible] around here and they are [illegible] faithfully instructed [illegible] by John Derryman of Colegrove.

N. W. Heinzerman of Colegrove is moving his saw mill from that place to Crosby. We are glad to welcome all new enterprises. W. A. Hallock is superintending the work.

Volney Dunbar, who has been employed by the Warren Mail Publishing Co. of Warren for the past six weeks, is home for a few days looking after business interests in the Volney Dunbar & Co. shoe firm.

H. P. Hill and family have moved to Port Allegany where Mr. Hill is employed.

John Burkenbach informed the writer the repairs on the M. E. parsonage will be finished in another week.

J. E. Smith of Christian Hollow has returned home from a visit with New York State friends.

Mr. Raymond and family, who have been keeping boarding house for N. W. Heinzerman have moved in the William Bayer house in Christian Hollow.

George Broughton, who has returned to Rixe where he is employed in a shoe factory.

Andrus Rude and Orval Gallup of Norwich were on the sick list.

No Science of History.

"The [illegible] are [illegible] but very [illegible] and [illegible] step [illegible] the drift of an [illegible] geological period [illegible] What is still more [illegible] big, practically we can no more tell what it is going to write even tomorrow than could that clever traveller. In truth, there is no science of history. Conceive a man more learned than Freeman in history, greater in science than Darwin, deeper versed in human character than George Eliot—yet he could not even roughly draw the map of Europe as it may be a little time hence. The heap of letters which God put in the hand of his empire builder, bidding him 'make with them what word he could,' are still in constant [illegible]"—London Saturday Review.

"Ike" Simons
is having a
CLEARANCE SALE
for ten days, beginning
JULY 25th.
MEN'S SUITS cut in price almost half.
With few exceptions the entire stock of furnishing goods has been price cut to the profit line.
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
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Success!
If you want success you can prepare for it through Westbrook Academy. The record of this school is its reference. No use for "solicitors." Twenty-fourth year began September 5th. Individual instruction. Students admitted at any time. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

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Will soon be here and you will want heavy clothing that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best
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that enables us to do work cheaper than others. Again, we can do it cheaper now than later when we are rushed.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

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JOHN FORBES.

Notice of Administration.

In the estate of Z. T. Carl, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Z. T. Carl, late of Keating township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Sheridan Gorton, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 19, 1906.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORBES.

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